

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND★

June

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Joan Blondell

ORVELL FORETELLS FUTURE FOR HOLLYWOOD STARS AND FOR YOU!

HEDY LAMARR'S OWN STORY OF HER ROMANTIC ELOPEMENT

SONG BY SONG...SCENE BY SCENE...THE THRILL GROWS GREATER!

The stars of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" live their love story in the music of today and yesterday! Al Jolson sings his songs once again in the way that made them great! *Another grand picture opens the gates of memory to the past you want to remember!*

TYRONE ALICE
POWER • FAYE • JOLSON
in
ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE
with
William Frawley • Joyce Compton
Hobart Cavanaugh
A 20th Century-Fox Picture
DARRYL F. ZANUCK
in Charge of Production
Associate Producer and Screen
Play by Nunnally Johnson
Directed by Gregory Ratoff

TOOT TOOT TOOTSIE
CALIFORNIA
HERE I COME
JA-DA
MAMMY
ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE
AVALON
MY MAN
WILD ABOUT HARRY
THE VAMP
THE CURSE OF
AN ACHING HEART
APRIL SHOWERS
I'M SORRY I MADE YOU CRY
I'M ALWAYS CHASING
RAINBOWS

And in the swing of today...Gordon & Revel's latest hit 'I Never Knew Heaven Could Speak'!

Look into the Heart of the Girl Love Couldn't Crush...No Matter How it Tricked Her!

"Listen!...I love this man from here to breakfast! Want to make something of it? He's tricky? So all right, he's tricky! He's hurt me? So what?...I love him! He's my man!"



Lovely dress of crisp organdy, deep Victorian hem, fitted bodice, tiny puffed sleeves.

A stunning gown first caught his eye but what held him was a lovely smile

Your smile is YOU! It's precious—guard it with Ipana and Massage!



Take no chances with "Pink Tooth Brush"—Ipana and massage makes for firmer gums, brighter smiles!

A STUNNING gown is a sure-fire attraction to make a girl a standout, but after that it's up to her smile!

For nothing is more pitiful than the girl with the breath-taking gown—and the dull and dingy smile. She's the one, of all people, who shouldn't ignore "pink tooth brush."

Take a leaf from her book, yourself, and *do something* about it. For no gown—not even a French import from the last boat in—can do much for the girl with the sad little smile. Let other things go if you must, but don't neglect your teeth and gums.

If your tooth brush "shows pink," see your dentist. It may mean nothing serious. Very likely, he'll tell you that your gums have simply grown weak from lack of exer-

cise—and you can charge *that* up to our modern, soft foods. Then, like so many dentists, he may suggest "more work—the stimulating help of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Whenever you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation increases within the gums—they tend to become firmer, healthier.

Don't court trouble by waiting for that telltale tinge of "pink." Instead, get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you, as it has thousands of attractive men and women, to brighter teeth... healthier gums... and the smile you'd like to have.



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

SCREENLAND

IT'S HARDY FAMILY FUN AGAIN!

No. 6 in the Hardy Family hit parade... as these beloved folk become "millionaires for a day"! Hilarious... as Andy struts in top hat and "Tux" and dates a cabaret glamor girl... love finds Aunt Milly... Marion knocks the stores for a row of charge accounts... Mom settles for a frying pan... and the Judge winds up with a silk hat... but he has to pay all the bills!

"Pop, why should I get married—and blast all the dreams of so many women!"

ALL NEW ADVENTURES
with America's Favorite Family!

Marion meets a new boy friend—but she can't forget Dennis back in Carvel.

"Tell me the truth about what happened on your trip!" says Ann Rutherford.

It's a scream when Mickey gets tricked into a night-club cabaret—and a gorgeous chorus girl tries to frame him.

Cecilia Parker

Lewis Stone

Fay Holden

Sara Haden

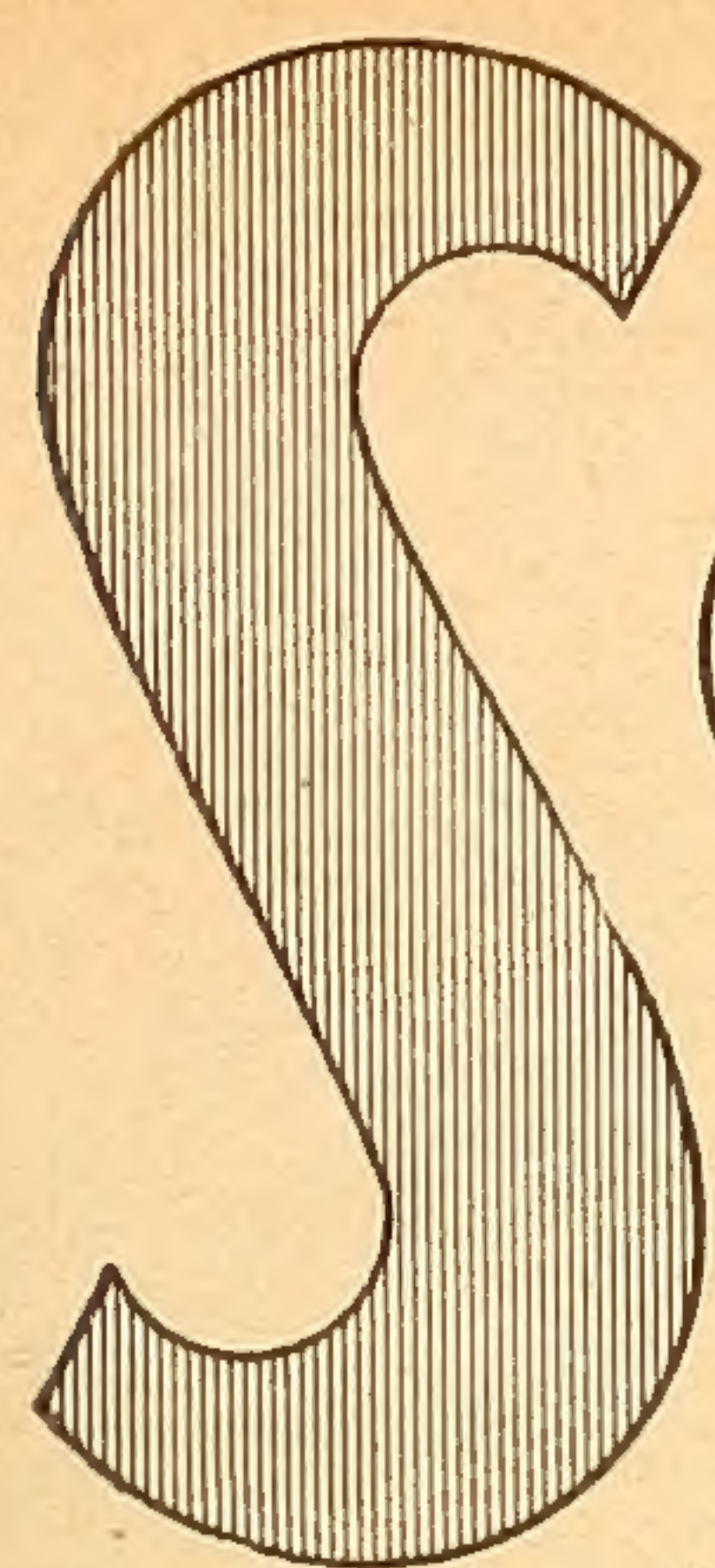
The Hardys become millionaires overnight
And what fun!

THE HARDYS RIDE HIGH

with
LEWIS STONE
MICKEY ROONEY
CECILIA PARKER
FAY HOLDEN

Screen Play by Agnes Christine Johnston, Kay Van Riper & William Ludwig • Directed by George B. Seitz • An M-G-M Picture





The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

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BEGINNING
NEXT MONTH:Big New Serial
of Hollywood by
Achmed Abdullah

Great new serial of Hollywood life from the inside begins in the next, the July issue, of The Smart Screen Magazine. You know Achmed Abdullah's colorful fiction—now watch for the first installment of his new SCREENLAND serial, a love drama in the glamorous setting of the movie capital.

Don't miss this fiction treat by ACHMED ABDULLAH—beginning in the July issue, on sale June 2nd.

PAUL C. HUNTER, Publisher

June, 1939

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SCREENLAND HONOR PAGE



Charles Boyer and Irene Dunne, stars of Leo McCarey's "Love Affair."

A great director and his picture win our award. Cheers for Leo McCarey and "Love Affair"

SCREENLAND salutes all too few directors on this Honor Page because there are all too few great directors. We wish Leo McCarey, guiding genius of the season's best screenplay, "Love Affair," were at least quintuplets; then we would have more occasions for hat-tossing and welkin-ringing. McCarey is proof that making great movies is a one-man show—he is producer, director, and writer of all his films; an artist who is also a keen craftsman and a shrewd showman, he makes brilliant motion pictures as intelligent as they are stimulating. The pictures on this page give you some idea of the way he works. As photogenic as any star, McCarey's wise, witty, resourceful—if there is such a thing as a cinema Shakespeare he's the man.

The director makes the picture! Leo McCarey, right, with Marie Ouspenskaya, as he explains her next scene. Left below, McCarey as he directed that fine scene in which Ouspenskaya, as Boyer's grandmother, plays for him for the last time. Below, the director, Irene Dunne, and assistants listen to a "play-back."



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**THE PICTURE
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The story of Juarez, Mexican flame
of freedom . . . moulding a fiery-
hearted people into a nation that
toppled a throne! . . . The story of
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pages of history! . . . All in a glori-
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splendor and power! See "Juarez" at
your theatre soon! The picture that
shows how great the screen can be!



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in

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with

BRIAN AHERNE

CLAUDE RAINS • JOHN GARFIELD • DONALD CRISP

JOSEPH CALLEIA • GALE SONDERGAARD • GILBERT ROLAND • HENRY O'NEILL

Directed by William Dieterle

Screen Play by John Huston, Aeneas MacKenzie and Wolfgang Reinhardt • Based on a Play by Franz Werfel
and the Novel, "The Phantom Crown," by Bertita Harding • Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold

*Sturdi-flex— ideal figure fabric says Hollywood Designer

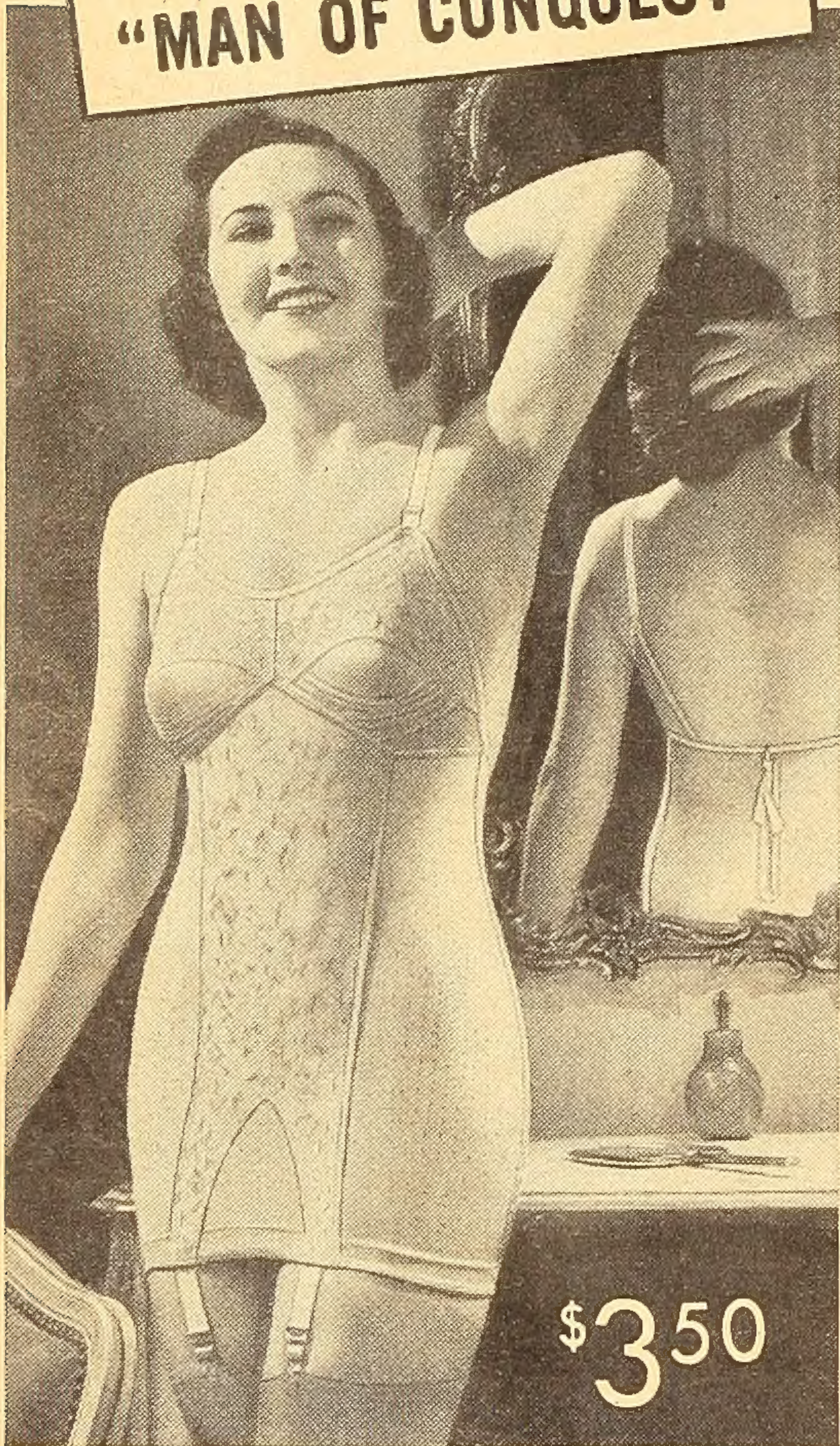


"I have found Sturdi-flex the ideal figure fabric for sculpturing and idealizing the lines of the average woman because its controlled stretch retains the fluid curves and youthful lines of the natural figure."

IRENE SALTEN
Designer

REPUBLIC PICTURES
producers of

"MAN OF CONQUEST"



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Kleinert's

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

TORONTO...NEW YORK...LONDON

TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 52-53

The
Okla-
homa
Kid

Warners



A glorified western which proves that James Cagney can act tough in wide open spaces, too. The typical Cagney manner of talking out of the side of his mouth doesn't detract from his two-gun man rôle. The film's theme is the opening up of Oklahoma territory with all its lawlessness. Cagney's fine acting style as the outlaw son and Humphrey Bogart outshining his past villainy make it one you must see.

The
Hound
of the
Baskervilles

20th
Century-
Fox



Basil Rathbone is a dignified and stately Sherlock Holmes and Nigel Bruce a mellow and delightful "my dear Watson" in this handsome picturization of A. Conan Doyle's classic thriller. The account of their adventures in running to earth the mysterious villain of the moors is elaborate but leisurely, more elegant than exciting; but true Holmes fans will find it fascinating. The cast includes Richard Greene, Wendy Barrie.

The
Night
Riders

Republic



John Wayne back with the Mesquiteers after his Ringo Kid rôle in "Stagecoach," which won for him the unanimous praise of the critics. The youngsters will stand up and cheer Los Capaqueros in this newest of The Three Mesquiteers series of outdoor action films. It's the name given them when they don masked robes on their mysterious rides to help ranchers win back their property, taken by a fake land grant.

Sergeant
Madden

M-G-M



Emotional father and son melodrama which glorifies "New York's Finest" and pays tribute to the methods, codes and principles of the police department. As Sergeant Madden Wallace Beery gives a good sound performance, but his rôle of the honest copper whose rookie son turns criminal, is a serious one. Alan Curtis does a noteworthy job as the son and Tom Brown, Laraine Johnson are in supporting cast.

Mexicali
Rose

Republic



An outdoor thriller with action and suspense starring Singing Cowboy Gene Autry who learns that the oil well promoters sponsoring his radio programs are fakers. He quits and gathers evidence against them aided by his horse, Champ, Frog (Smiley Burnette) and a bandit. In addition to Gene's pleasant singing, good laughs are provided by Frog and Noah Beery makes Valdez a very colorful bandit.

I'm
from
Missouri

Para-
mount



Although Bob Burns seems somewhat out of character as Sweeney Bliss in this picture which plots the adventures of a Missouri mule magnate, the popularity of the film depends on Burns' personality. His own brand of foolishness runs throughout and he gets in some of his homespun philosophy. Gladys George is splendid as his social-minded wife who accompanies Bob abroad and is harassed by his crudeness.

The
Flying
Irishman

RKO-
Radio



This dramatization of Douglas Corrigan's life and historic flight, with the "wrong-way" flyer playing the title rôle, is made to order for hero-worshipping youth. It relates Doug's early struggles and hardships endured to achieve his goal—a pilot's license and own his own plane (now known as a crate). Doug's naturalness and winning smile make up for lack of screen technique. Paul Kelly heads fine supporting cast.

Society
Lawyer

M-G-M



Those who saw "Penthouse," with Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter years ago, know this is a murder mystery in a society setting. Metro remade it with new cast and gave it its new title. Walter Pidgeon, Park Avenue lawyer who undertakes defense of a socialite rival, accused of murder, and Virginia Bruce, night club singer who helps solve the murder, and Eduardo Ciannelli give first-rate performances. Smart dialogue.

Bizarre
Bizarre

Lenauer
Inter-
national



The short English sub-titles which transcribe the very wordy French dialogue of this daffy comedy are provoking because the players say so much and you get the feeling you are missing something—unless, of course, you know your French. It's a travesty of English detective yarns and pokes fun at the clergy. Silly, but good for some laughs. Cast has Louis Jouvet, Francoise Rosay of "La Kermesse Heroique."

I Was
a
Convict

Republic



Plenty of thrills and a good amount of suspense are crowded into this crook drama. The far-fetched plot deals with a big business man who, upon his release from jail on an income tax evasion charge, takes into his firm as executives two prison-made pals. Barton MacLane is excellent as *Ace King*, ex-convict, Clarence Kolb plays the tax evader. Beverly Roberts as daughter *Judy*, does a neat job of falling for *Ace*.

You
Can't
Get
Away
With
Murder

Warners



With Warden Lewis E. Lawes as its author, this prison film can't help but ring true. Young Billy Halop, a "Dead End" boy, does remarkably well with the difficult rôle of *Johnny*, kid brother under the influence of gangster Humphrey Bogart, expert at playing criminals. Their combined performances make this a tense drama. Gale Page is the sister whose fiance (Harvey Stephens) is convicted of Bogart's crime.

SHE OPENED AN UNSIGNED LETTER!



AN UNSIGNED LETTER! A cowardly thing, perhaps—but for Nancy—what a blessing! For in no other way would Nancy have realized that underarm odor was spoiling all her other charms—that she could easily be popular, with Mum!

How easy it is to offend this way and never know it—to think a daily bath is enough for charm, when underarms always need *special* care!

For a bath removes only *past* perspiration—it can't *prevent* odor. Mum can! Remember, more women use Mum than any other deodorant...more screen stars,

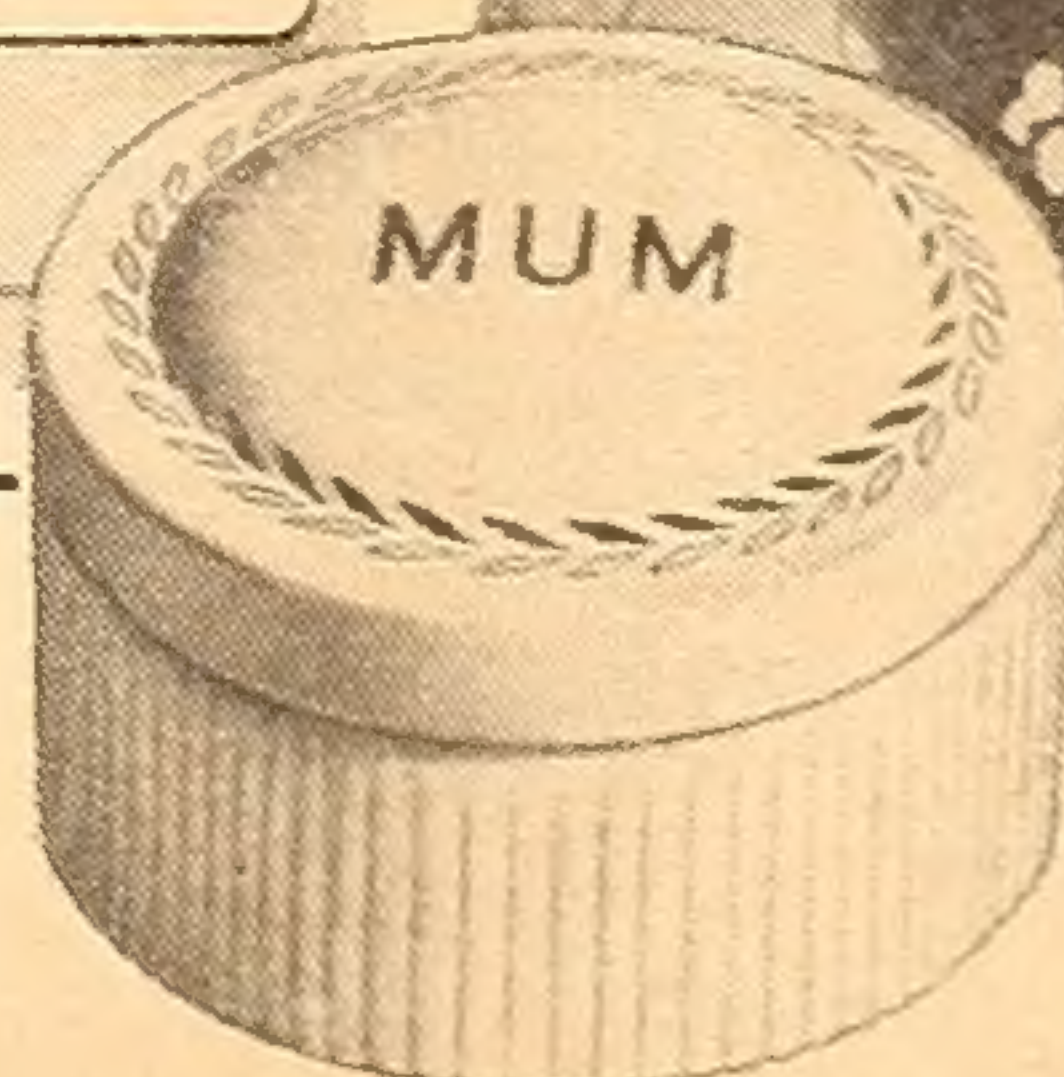
more nurses, more girls like *you*! It's so pleasant, so easy to use, so dependable.

EASY! You can apply Mum in 30 seconds, before or *after* you're dressed. And even after underarm shaving, Mum actually soothes your skin!

SAFE! The Seal of the American Institute of Laundering is proof that Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric.

SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. It's foolish to take chances with your charm. Get Mum at any druggist's today—and use it daily. Then you'll always be sweet!

WITH MUM YOUR BATH LASTS ALL DAY LONG



For Sanitary Napkins

First choice with thousands of women everywhere for Sanitary Napkins, Mum wins because it's so gentle and safe.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Troubled by Constipation?

Get relief this simple, pleasant way!



1. TAKE ONE or two tablets of Ex-Lax before retiring. It tastes like delicious chocolate. No spoons—no bottles! No fuss, no bother! Ex-Lax is easy to use and pleasant to take.



2. YOU SLEEP through the night... *undisturbed!* No stomach upsets. No nausea or cramps. No occasion to get up! Ex-Lax is mild and gentle. It acts overnight — *without* over-action.



3. THE NEXT morning Ex-Lax acts... thoroughly and *effectively*. It works so gently that, except for the pleasant relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

Ex-Lax is good for *every* member of the family—the youngsters as well as the grown-ups. At all drug stores in 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative.

Now improved—better than ever!

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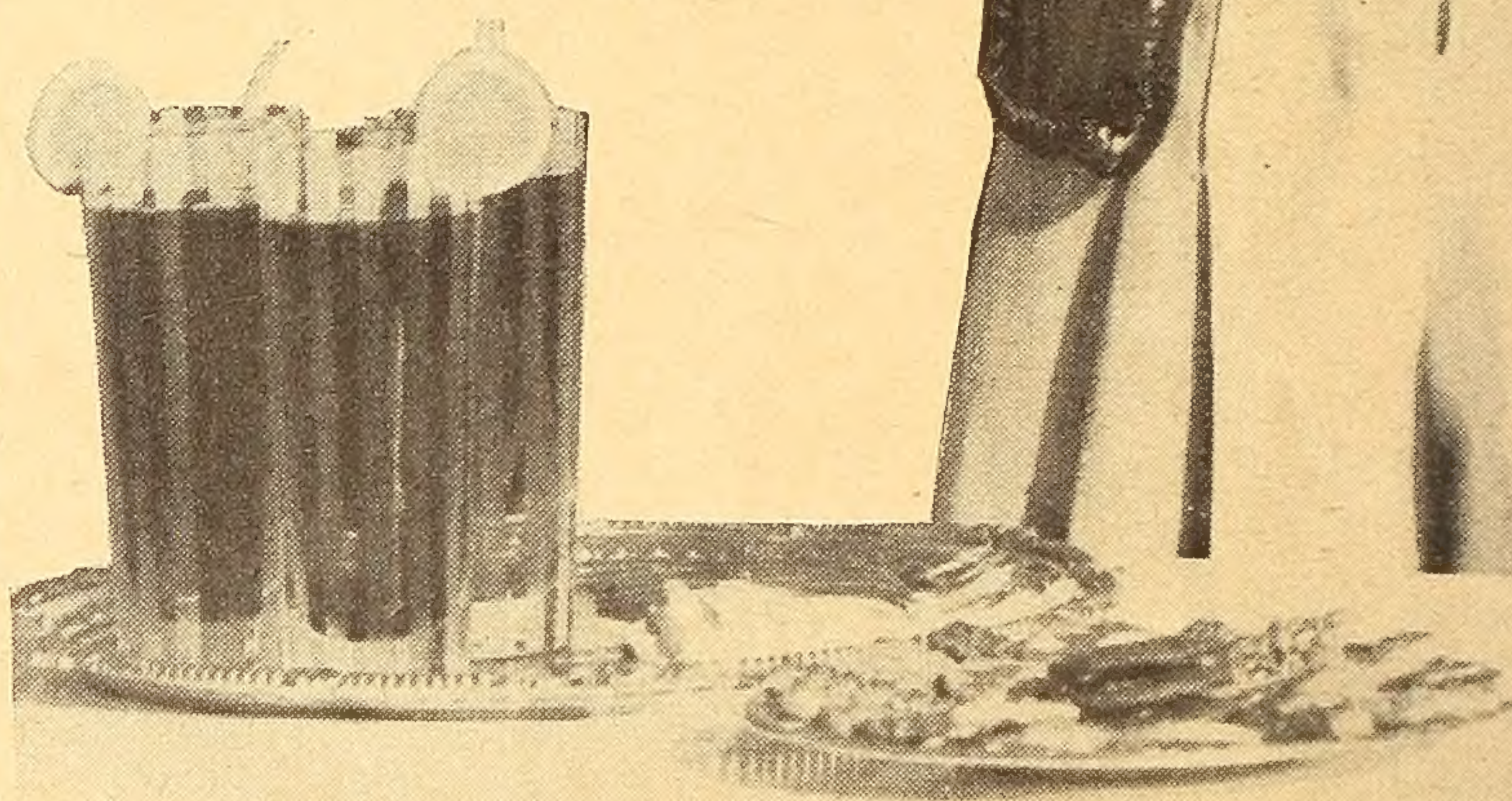
STRONGER

MORE ABSORBENT

AT 5 AND 10¢ AND BETTER DEPARTMENT STORES

Inside the Stars' Homes

One of Hollywood's most distinguished hostesses, Sally Eilers (Mrs. Harry Joe Brown) entertains us this month.



Salute to Summer! Sally Eilers advises you on your warm-weather entertaining, with tempting recipes

By Betty Boone

WHEN Sally Eilers and Harry Joe Brown were married they wanted to build a lovely home. "But we knew that everyone makes mistakes with a house," confided Sally, "so at first we lived in a smaller house we owned and remodeled it while we lived in it, so as to try out our pet ideas, experiment with dreams, and see what could and what couldn't be done. We did a really nice job with the little house, *we* thought, so we bought the land here in Beverly Hills, talked over how many rooms we wanted and about how we'd like them, and then called in an architect. After we had approved his plans, we went to Europe to buy things for the house while it was being built."

Paul Williams, famous young architect, did the house, and it is a credit to him: built of white painted brick and frame, with twin pillars, red brick trim to the front terrace, wide wings spreading gracefully so that the back view is as lovely as the front, and every room well shaped and well lighted. There is a circular staircase rising from the hall and carpets of Williamsburg blue on hall, stairs, and in the Empire Room, where the walls are the same shade. Sally, red-gold hair piled high, trailed

her flowered housecoat into that room. "Harry Joe and I both like old English furniture and we each had a number of pieces," she told me. "When we were married we both had lovely old silver—*an* Georgian silver at that! We've had such fun wandering around together getting things for the house; we used to spend holiday mornings or any time we were both away from studios at once at antique shops on Los Feliz Boulevard or down Long Beach, picking up bargains. Whenever we traveled, we looked for pieces that might add something. As a matter of fact"—she smiled so that her brown eyes became laughing slits—"I gave Harry Joe this globe desk before we were married. I bought it while I was in England, when we were just good friends, and gave it to him. But I liked it so much I simply had to marry him to get it back!"

The globe desk is a delicately made affair of polished wood, with a section that slides open to reveal a completely equipped cabinet desk. There are quilted silk flowered chair facing one another across the fireplace, the entire mantel being one of the Brown prized treasures from that English honeymoon. There is a collection of miniature on the blue walls, fruit of several journeys.

"Every time I've traveled, I've bought something else—cook books!" said Sally. "I'm mad about cooking and I can't taste a new dish without wanting to make some myself. Not that I have much time these days, but at least the cookbooks give me the feeling that when I want to try those dishes I'll know how. When I was in Mexico a few months ago, I got a book called 'Mexican Through My Kitchen Window.' Have you ever eaten *Turkey Mole*? It's sensational."



We made some the other day—a grand success. I shall serve it at my next informal party. Summer or winter, it would be good for the hot dish at a buffet or late supper."

TURKEY MOLE

- 1 young turkey
- 6 tablespoons fat
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 minced onion
- 1 clove garlic
- 12 toasted almonds
- 1 tablespoon sesame seeds
- 1 slice stale bread
- 12 raisins
- 1/8 teaspoon ground cloves
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon (*Burnett's*)
- 1/4 teaspoon aniseed
- 3 cups tomato sauce
- 3 to 6 teaspoons red chili powder

Right above, Sally's beautiful estate in Beverly Hills; left, Sally and a "spread" fit for kings—and even for Hollywood stars and their lucky guests! When Sally isn't working in RKO-Radio's "They Made Her A Spy," she is the happy hostess in her well-appointed home.

- 1 tablespoon (optional) ground chocolate (*Baker's*)
- Salt to taste

Cut turkey up as if for fricassee and boil until tender. Pass through food chopper toasted almonds, seed, bread, raisins and chocolate; mix well with the spices and chili powder. Melt fat, add onion and garlic. When transparent, add flour and when brown add the ground ingredients. Cook until well mixed and smooth and then add

tomato sauce. Cook 5 minutes. Add stock in which turkey was boiled—3 or 4 cups—and salt. Cook a few minutes and then add turkey. Cook gently until thick. Serve with a sprinkling of toasted sesame seeds.

The grounds back of the house are ideal for summer entertaining. A great sweep of green lawn sweeps up from the patio to the swimming pool, where dressing-rooms and playroom front on a bricked terrace.

"Guests usually want to swim or sun themselves," observed Sally, "so we sit around in bathing suits or shorts and consume summer drinks. We have some delicious ones, and usually there are bowls and bottles of things so people can mix their own, if they like. Cranberry Fizz and Cinnamon Coffee are two favorite beverages here. I think they are a little different.

(Please turn to page 88)

FROM

Dull Mousey Hair — TO RADIANT BEAUTY

*In Two
Minutes
For a few
Cents*

NO matter, if your hair is discouragingly dingy and messy-looking or dull and drab, a miracle is seemingly performed before your eyes. The radiant beauty in your hair—you thought had disappeared forever, at 20, 30 or 40 will be back again, in a new form of loveliness—after a single washing and rinsing with the amazing new Golden Glint.

Dull, lusterless hair or hair that tangles and snarls badly is usually coated with a grayish film (*Bath-tub-Scum) that all shampoos deposit in the hair. The new Golden Glint removes this film in two short minutes of rinsing, at a cost of only a few cents.

DOUBLE ACTION

First, it dissolves this dulling shampoo film (which is the same substance as the ring around the bathtub) revealing all of the hair's natural gloss and multi-colored highlights, without leaving the hair dry and brittle (caused by removing too much oil) because the new Golden Glint contains an amazing new ingredient never before used in a hair rinse.

Second, during this rinsing operation the new Golden Glint replaces those tiny golden glints that seem to disappear when women leave their adolescent period—their hair then becomes drab and mousey-looking.

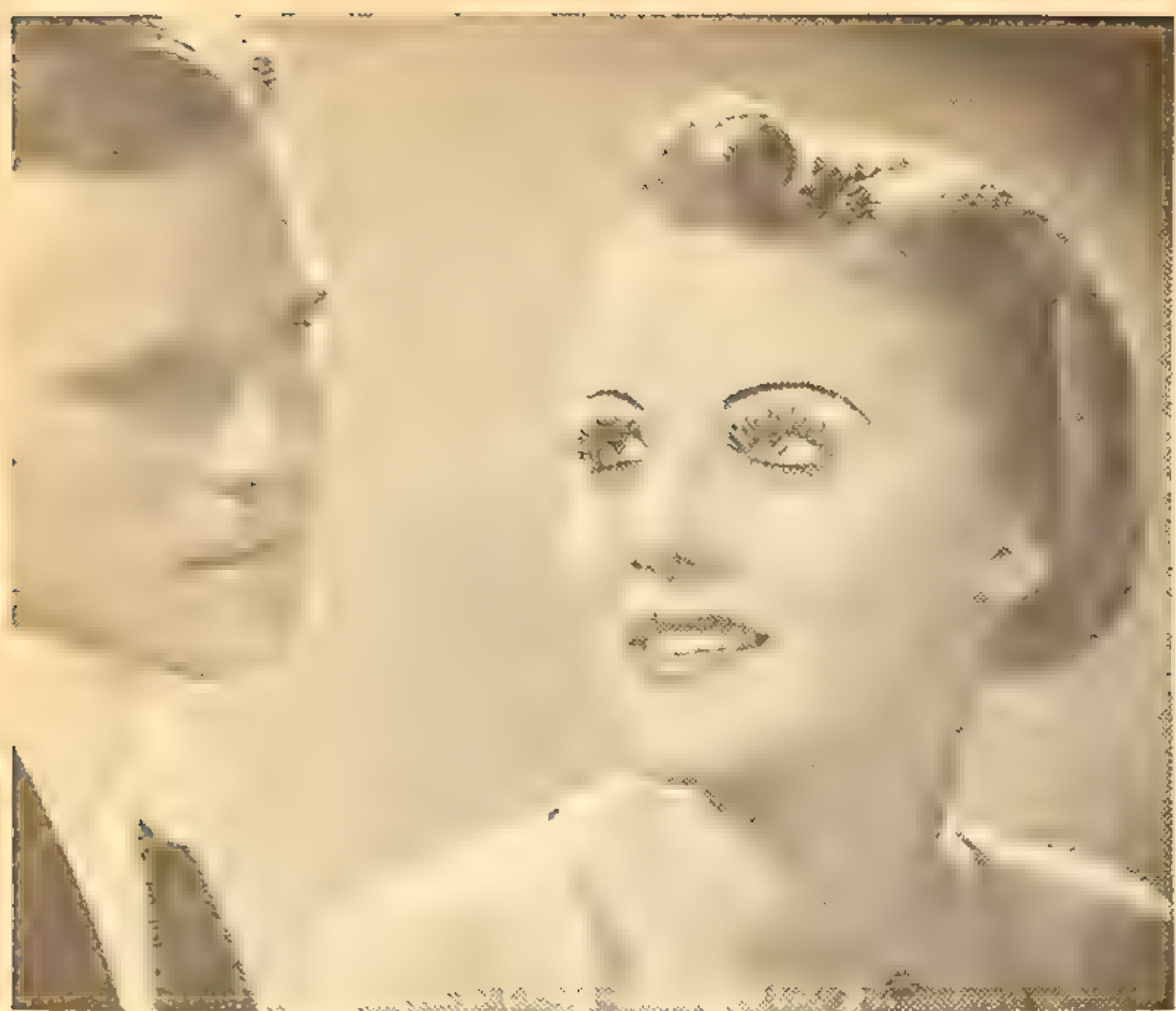
Correcting this condition is also part of the amazing service of the new Golden Glint; for the new Golden Glint is now out in six shades—for Brunettes, for Brownettes, for Blondes, for Auburn shades, for

Silver glints, and for Luster glints; one just suited for your color type. Remember, drab hair like pale cheeks needs a tiny touch of color to reflect the full bloom of youthful loveliness.

No other shampoo or rinse can give the new Golden Glint revolutionary results. It does not dry out the hair or cause other injuries. There are two kinds of new Golden Glint, the shampoo with rinse—or, get the rinse package without the shampoo if you prefer your own shampoo. The new Golden Glint doesn't rub off. These sensational new Golden Glint packages are approved by Good Housekeeping. The new Golden Glint packages contain twice as much as the old Golden Glint. They are available now in a glittering gold package, in drug, department and 10c stores. Ask your professional operator for a new Golden Glint Rinse. Thrill to the beauty that is so easily revealed in your hair.

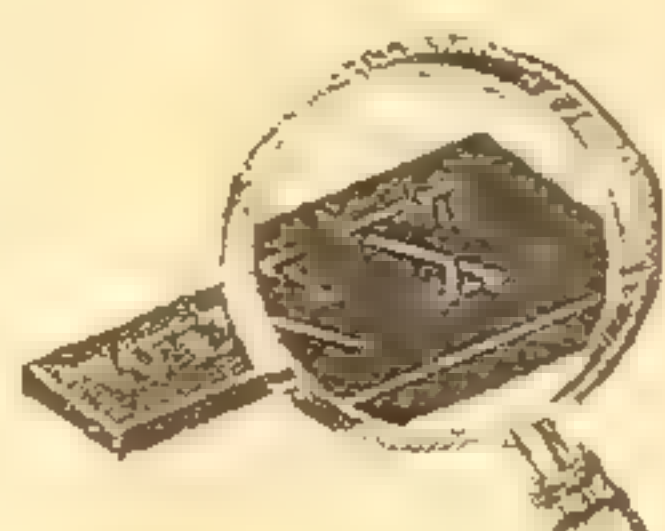
Golden Glint Company, Inc.
Seattle, Washington

BEAUTY + Plus = Without B.S.



For Romantic Eyes get **WINX** mascara!

Eyes of mystery and allure... eyes that look larger, brighter... *yours* with WINX! This *finer* mascara *clings* closely, makes lashes seem *naturally* longer... dark and silky. Be sure to ask for WINX mascara... *today!*



Scientific laboratory tests prove WINX mascara is amazingly *fine* in texture.

Approved by Good Housekeeping. Get WINX Mascara, Eye Shadow, and Eyebrow Pencil at drug, department and ten-cent stores.

Change to **WINX**
THE FINER QUALITY MASCARA

Switch to...
ZIP

CREAM DEODORANT
More for your money—The best to be had
Stops Perspiration Annoyance

ROCHELLE HUDSON, Columbia Pictures Player
Featured in "MISSING DAUGHTERS"



IT'S EASY
TO MAKE
LOVELY
CURLS WITH
SOLO
CURLERS

for Beauty's Sake
USE
SOLO CURLERS



RED TOP CURLER—5¢ EACH

EASY TO USE—TANGLEPROOF
Recommended by Beauty Experts

AT 5¢ AND 10¢ STORES



International

Take a good, long look at this picture, for it's the last you may ever see of Tone and Joan together. Franchot and his erstwhile wife had a supper-club rendezvous in Manhattan on Crawford's vacation in the big city.

HOT from HOLLYWOOD

WHAT'S happening to Marion Davies? Will she ever make another picture? Marion still presides hospitably at her gorgeous Santa Monica beach house, but no one in Hollywood knows the answer to the second question. It's been almost two years now since her last film, a two years filled with climaxing events in her own life. Marion has many loyal friends, however, and they hope she will resume the career she always thoroughly loved. There's one sure bet. If she works again, it will be under Darryl Zanuck's shrewd guidance. Cosmopolitan Productions, Marion's movie corporation, has left the Warner lot and allied with 20th Century-Fox. This means, primarily, that all of the old Davies film plots are available to Zanuck for re-makes. He leads off with a modern version of "Little Old New York," starring Alice Faye in the rôle that—sixteen years ago—made Marion Davies the talk of the show world.

WAYNE MORRIS is one picture star who can't sing those honeymoon blues. You know how a poor celebrity has to fly away to Yuma and snatch a week-end to celebrate? None of that stuff for him! He not only married a nineteen-year-old millionheiress, not only enjoyed a leisurely boat trip through the Panama Canal, and a lengthy New York whirl, but when he returned to Hollywood he had a whole month's vacation to recover from it all. He spent this time putting the finishing touches on the mansion he has bought near Joan Crawford's. The young lady who captured Wayne when he sallied forth on a personal appearance (if an eligible star appears on your horizon don't be a wall-flower!) is as dark as Priscilla Lane, the actress Wayne once thought he was going to marry, is blonde. Mrs. Wayne is small, vivacious, and outspoken. She had one edge on all the picture gals—her only ambition was to be a devoted wife, and she can allot all her time to this one job.

ONE of those beautiful understandings exists between Gale Page and her absent husband. He's a broker in Chicago and when her radio success there led to Hollywood they agreed that distance couldn't destroy their love. So far it hasn't; they exchange visits. Gale's mother lives with her. Also an eighteen-year-old niece. And her own six-year-old son. She attends pre-views and parties with escorts she's sure her husband would okay.

DOROTHY LAMOUR wants to sell the new home she built, while Martha Raye has just bought a home—which is the latest on the marital state of these two ladies of the cinema. . . . Jimmy Stewart was going to fly his new airplane cross-country to Florida when he got another chance to be in a Capra picture, so he stayed grounded. . . . Glenda Farrell returns to the stage, in Boston, the first of next month—and she's a "natural" instead of a golden blonde now. . . . Clark Gable has joined the rifle and pistol club in his ranch neighborhood, and is proud of his marksmanship with a .22 gun. . . . He ought to invite Joan Bennett out some Sunday, because she orders all the tops saved from the canned goods her household consumes—for her aiming purposes! . . . Virginia Fields' unfortunate friends cost her a hundred dollars the other morning—being tied up on a picture, Virginia sent off wires of condolences to a flock of pals in blue moods and the bill was big.

GRACIE ALLEN tells it on her little girl. Sandra, she figured, was too tiny to wonder why mother was acting at M-G-M for a while instead of at Paramount, the regular stamping ground. Imagine Gracie's astonishment when, finishing her prayers the other night, cute little Sandra put this important question up to her: "Now that you have gone back to your old studio to make pictures, who should I ask be blessed—Mr. Mayer or Mr. LeBaron?"

TWO "exes" turned up this past month to make two of our top stars conscious of the old days. Jack Pepper, vaudevillian, is considered news when he dined in a fashionable café on the Sunset Strip—because he was Ginger Rogers' first husband. Virginia Cherrill blew in from London to visit her mama. When she went away she was Mrs. Cary Grant. Now she is the empress of Jersey, and m'lord has money. Still a majority of the girls who know they would have been satisfied with him. continues to rush Phyllis Brooks everywhere, except to a preacher.

TOM BROWN wanted his youthful wife to be a poised, scintillating woman of the old, and that's why they have gone through with their divorce action. She didn't even graduated from high school when she met Tom, and was rushed off her feet by him. Daughter of a newspaper executive, Natalie Draper is sweet and sophisticated. She tried to live up to Tommy's vision for her, but it was too much. He wasn't too patient, it seems.

JOE E. BROWN has had a rather sad time trying to hold onto his movie popularity, but now that he's teaming with Martha Raye it looks as though he'll really get another good crack at the spotlight. Two such mouths ought to be something to see and hear, together!) The Brown kroll is still fat, thanks to Joe's previous salary, and his radio returns; he's just added his family to a five-acre estate. There's a possibility his older son Don will debut as a romantic actor this summer, when he finishes college. At the moment Don is a senior at U. C. L. A., and has been elected student body president by seven thousand collegians there. Tall and handsome, he would like to try acting.



One of Hollywood's most popular couples, above: Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson step out for a gala evening. Mrs. R. is a distinguished hostess to social, political, and artistic celebrities sojourning in the motion picture colony.

THIS month's most glamorous party was thrown, as usual, by the Basil Rathbones. Only this time the guests paid for their evening's superb dining and dancing, and the "take" went to a pet Hollywood charity. Ouida Rathbone not only utilized the empty lot next to the Rathbone mansion in Bel Air, tossing up a huge tent for an extra dance floor and an extra orchestra there but she provided a super-extra appeal. She had a line-up of assistant hostesses, and who could have stayed away when her party was also being run by the Misses Lamarr, Loy, Shearer, Colbert, Davis, Dietrich, Lombard, Gaynor, Joan Bennett and Kay Francis? Speaking of Kay, it's a safe bet she'll never marry her baron, and isn't it ironical that her last husband, Kenneth McKenna, is back in town as Metro's story editor. He didn't click as a movie actor, but now he has a job with a real future. Suppose he wonders if Kay's the type when he mulls over the plots for the Culver City plant's schedule?

THAT jinx still pursues Marjorie Weaver. She has one narrow escape after another, and this last month it was the rabies that practically got her! She'd been resting in San Diego so she could give her all to her best rôle to date, and when she returned home her cocker spaniel, Duchess, greeted her with a fancy face licking. Next day Duchess died suddenly, and the veterinarian called it rabies. Marjorie was slated for the Pasteur treatment and the big part opposite Henry Fonda was fast slipping away from her. However, the Los Angeles Board of Health saved her from misery when it had the dog's autopsy done over; the examination showed there were no active germs at the time the dog died and she'd had no cuts or bruises on her face, so she reported for work as scheduled.

PEGGY, IS DON NEGLECTING YOU?

OH DAD—HE'S JUST AWFULLY BUSY THESE DAYS—I GUESS

THEN A HINT ABOUT LUX AND DAINTINESS SAVED PEG'S MARRIAGE

AND SOON—

NEXT DAY
AT PEG'S HOUSE

PEG DEAR—JUST A HINT.
PERSPIRATION ODOR FROM UNDERTHINGS KILLS CHARM. DO USE LUX EACH DAY

RITA—WHEN PEG WAS HERE THIS EVENING, SHE SEEMED UNHAPPY

SHE AND DON AREN'T AS HAPPY AS THEY USED TO BE—BUT I CAN HELP, I THINK

Mother darling—
You're an angel for jacking me up about Lux. Everything perfect—Don's more in love than ever! Come over for dinner next week and you'll see. Peg

A little goes so far—
Lux is thrifty

Avoid undie odor
easy Lux way

g undies after every wearing
res perspiration odor, keeps
new looking longer. Avoid
soap rubbing, soaps with harm-
kali. Lux has no harmful alkali.
the BIG box.

"I was pleasantly surprised at the convenience and comfort of B-ettes"

Internal Sanitary Protection

No Odor, Belts, Pads or Pins

A friend told Miss M—about B-ettes. She tried them. Now she's enthusiastic about this dainty *internal* method of sanitary protection. She praises the utter freedom from belts, pads and pins—no bulge, no chafing. She is especially grateful that B-ettes eliminate *all worry about odor*.

Try B-ettes this month—they cost no more than older ways. Get a package now and have it handy when you need it—25¢ for 12, a month's supply—10¢ for purse package of 4—at drug and department stores. Say "Bee-etts". Mail coupon below today for trial package.

**Based on letter in our files.*

Average Month's Supply
25¢

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Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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GUARANTEED BY
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING
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Enclosed is 10¢ for which please send me trial package of 4 B-ettes, with full information.

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S-6

Yours For Loveliness

The ways to a man's heart are many, but here are six good beginners!



"Beauty build-ups" by the House of Westmore.

BEAUTY patches for hurting feet! That's just about what the restyled Dr. Scholl foot aids look like. Dainty pads of delicate pink with cunning scalloped edges that you won't hesitate to have adorn a bare or sandalled foot. What an improvement in first aid for corns, soft corns, callouses and bunions. These Super-Soft Zino Pads are soft as a powder puff, light as a feather, to cushion that sensitive foot spot. They give no bulk in the shoe, won't creep or stick to stockings and won't come off in the bath. Corrective medicated discs come for use under the pads. Your druggist has them. Big helps, too, when breaking-in new shoes, for toe, instep and heel protection.



Beauty patches by Dr. Scholl for marred toes.

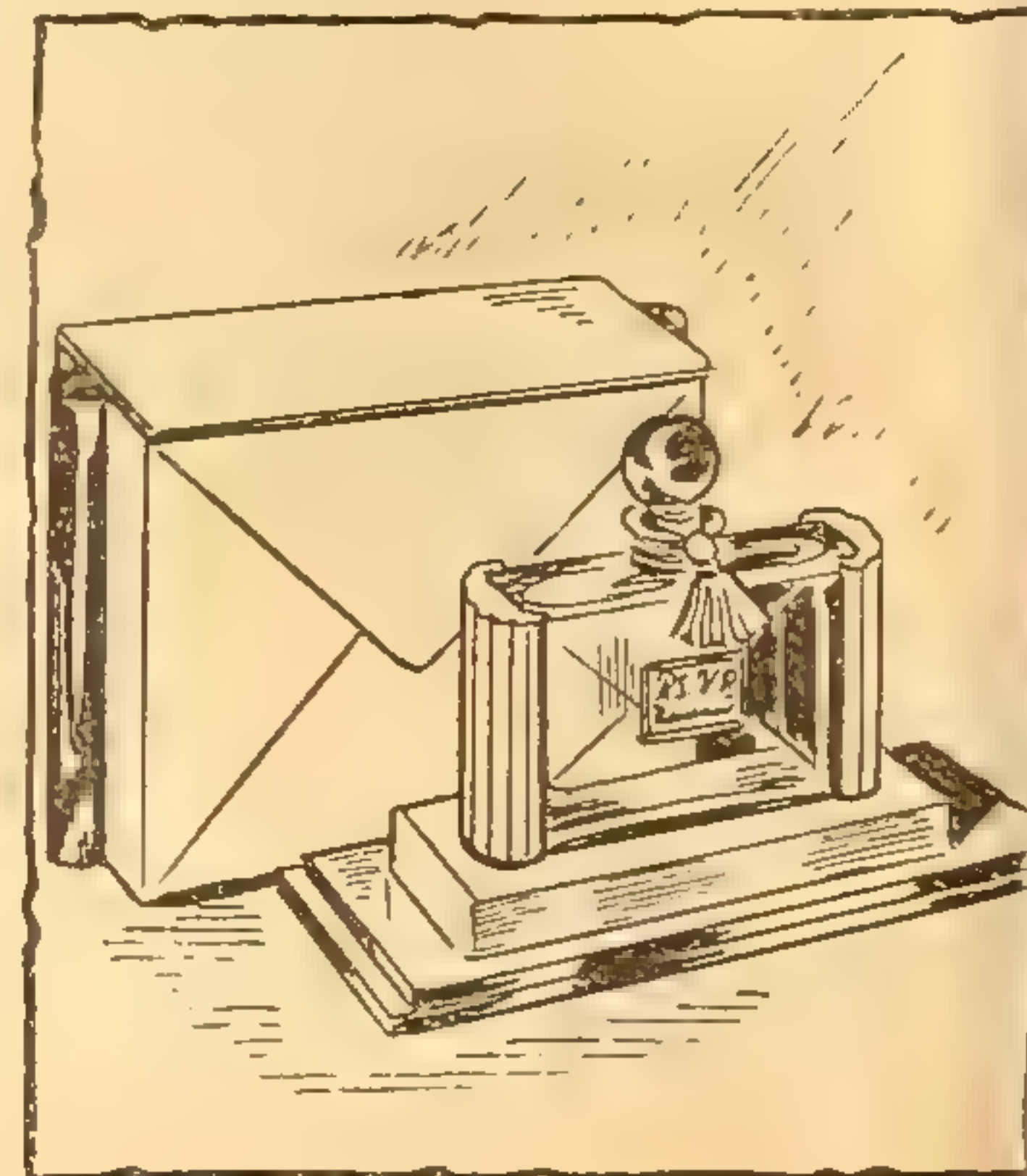
SHORT skirts! Sheerer than sheer hosiery or legs bared to wind and sun in swim or play suit! Practically one-fourth of the body is thus on parade. Soft and smooth legs must be, free of hair growth as a child's. That's quick, and easy, too, with Neet cream depilatory. Simply spread on, let remain a few minutes and wash away. A beauty "must" for legs, arms and under-arms. This is a very reliable preparation for sale in drug and department stores.

COMPLIMENTARY words come to this department for Arrid, under-arm cream deodorant that also stops perspiration. And Arrid deserves every one. It is a quick and efficient answer to personal daintiness and to the preservation of clothes. The Institute of Laundering approves this mild cream for effect on fabrics. And we approve it because it is a pleasant, vanishing type of cream, easy and quick to use, dependable and easy to carry. For sale everywhere.



Playtex Make-Up Cape—pretty and practical.

PRETTINESS while you primp—and more. Playtex Make-Up Cape is as practical as pretty. For when you make-up, comb your hair, shampoo or set your curls, here is dainty protection. And if there is anything the male abhors, I know it is the stray hair or two glinting on your dark dress, a careless fleck of powder, or worse, the smudge left when you try to brush it away. This cape assures that groomed look and helps save cleaners' bills. You will use it a dozen times a day, at home and in the office. It's so dainty and pretty. Of soft, satiny latex, with pocket for your gadgets. In gardenia white, heavenly blue or shell pink. It makes a sweet gift, and is for sale in department stores. Modestly priced. A "rainbow 'round your shoulders."



"Perfume after a man's heart"—Hudnut's R. S. V. P.

"A PERFUME after a man's heart," is Hudnut's new romance perfume, R. S. V. P. And you can take that two ways. His ideals are embodied in this heady fragrance, and it is definitely a challenge to his resistance. Indeed, this challenge is aptly conveyed in the abbreviation of the French, "*Repondez s'il vous plait*," (respond if you please), and respond he will! R. S. V. P. is French-inspired, of course, of the bouquet variety. A little on your skin tells you that here is the perfume accent for your soft, young fashions. From dram package up, in drug and department stores. C. M.

Miss 1939 Hair-Do



Helen Mack helps solve the long bob problem.



Deep wave up from forehead, topped by curls.



Back from sides, but the long bob intact!

GIRLS grow restless about their hair at this season. But there are plenty who hang onto their long bob for dear life. So Helen Mack comes to their rescue and shows a smart but easy-to-do idea that gives a new, fresh accent, but does not mean parting with one single precious strand, unless it be the shortening of hair for those forehead curls.

Many younger girls with a permanent or natural curl can sit right down at their dressing-table and try this, though better results will be had by setting the hair for the arrangement when it is clean and damp from a shampoo. This style is young, sweet, refreshing and becoming, with or without a bow, and very good under the new hats.

You'll like my Brand and I "dude" mean You!

Here's a straight steer
On that O.G. branding iron
Betty Petty is toting.
It's reserved for
Double-Mellow
Old Gold . . . the cigarette
That wins its spurs
With finer, smoother
Tobaccos, aged extra long
For added flavor.
Double wrapped to keep
Extra fresh their extra
Goodness. Corral the
Extra delights of a
Truly fresh cigarette.
Say "O.G." . . . the brand
That holds its
Friends for life!



Copr., 1939, by P. Lorillard Co.

Every pack wrapped in 2 jackets of Cellophane; the OUTER jacket opens from the BOTTOM.

For Finer, *FRESHER* Flavor,
Smoke Double-Mellow Old Golds

STARLETS FIND LOVE A HANDICAP!

A thrilling expose of the real price of love in Hollywood! By Gladys Hall, famous screen writer.
ONLY IN THE JUNE SILVER SCREEN! NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE—10¢

World's Smallest
NOW! Real RADIO
BEAUTIFUL — PLASTIC — CABINETS

Midget radio fits your pocket or purse. Weighs only 4 ozs. Smaller than cigarette package! Receives stations with clear natural tone. NO CRYSTALS to adjust—NO UPKEEP—only one moving part. "AUDIOPHONE" gives superior performance. ENTIRELY NEW PATENTED DESIGN. Has enclosed geared luminous dial for perfect tuning. Many owners report amazing reception and distance.

ONE YEAR GUARANTEE

Sent complete ready to listen with instructions for use in homes, offices, hotels, boats, in bed, etc. **TAKES ONLY A SECOND TO CONNECT—NO ELECTRICITY NEEDED! SEND NO MONEY!** Pay postman only \$2.99 plus postage on arrival or send \$2.99 (Check, M.O., Cash) and yours will be sent complete postpaid. A most unusual value! **ORDER NOW! MIDGET RADIO CO., Dept. SC-6, Kearney, Nebr.**

Wash Your Dog With

GLOVER'S KENNEL and FLEA SOAP

DOES MANY THINGS FOR HIM!

Cleanses thoroughly; removes Doggy Odor; kills Fleas and Lice; deodorizes; adds lustre to coat. Economical! Try it!

TUNE IN
on Old Gold's "Melody and Madness" with ROBERT BENCHLEY and ARTIE SHAW'S Orchestra, Sunday nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast.

Everybody's talking about the
extra care, brilliance
that Luster-Foam "bubble bath"
gives the teeth!



BETTY: That Luster-Foam "bubble bath" in the new Listerine Tooth Paste is marvelous... my mouth feels so fresh.

BETH: And did you ever see anything like the way it makes teeth sparkle?



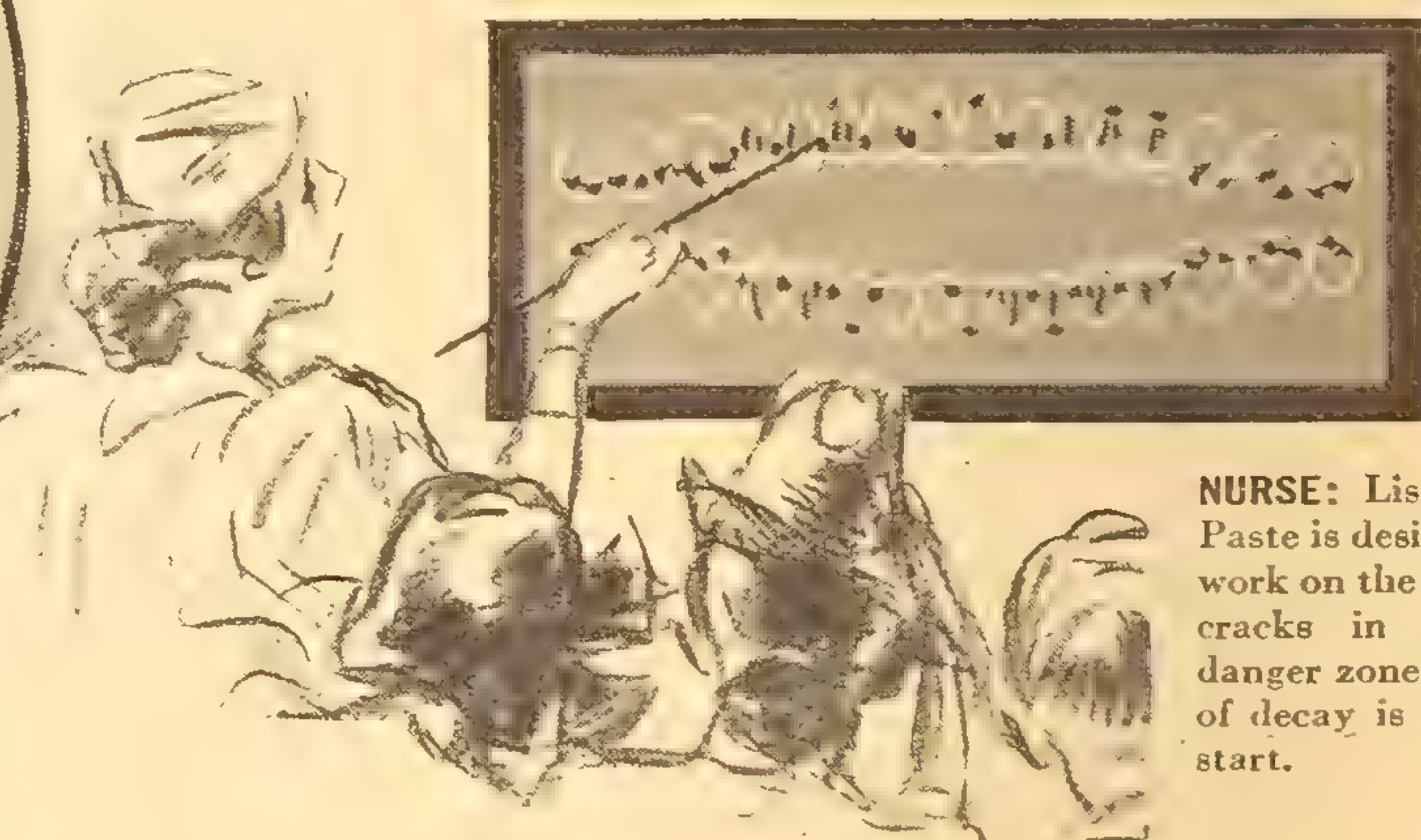
1st REPORTER: Ever see a smile so dazzling? All these glamour girls have it—I wonder why?

2nd REPORTER: It's the dentifrice they use—the New Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam. It's swell!



JIM: Even if I am your husband, I've got to admit your smile gets more gorgeous daily.

JOAN: Honey, it's that Luster-Foam "bubble bath" in the New Listerine Tooth Paste that does it.

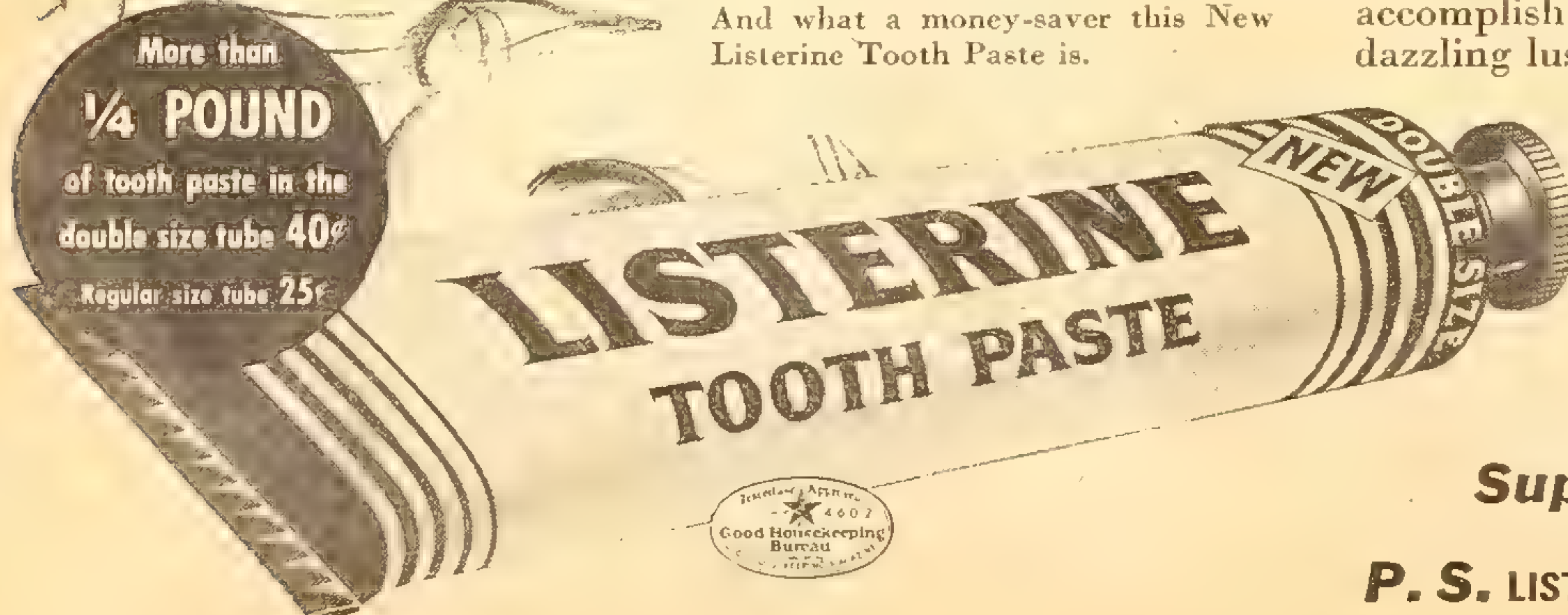


NURSE: Listerine Tooth Paste is designed to go to work on the tiny pits and cracks in enamel—the danger zones where 75% of decay is estimated to start.



LARRY: Will we ever save enough to own one?

LOU: Leave it to me! I'm budgeting everything, including tooth paste. And what a money-saver this New Listerine Tooth Paste is.



More than
1/4 POUND
of tooth paste in the
double size tube 40¢
Regular size tube 25¢

WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO TRY IT?

Don't be so wedded to old favorites that you miss out on the utterly different, wholly delightful action that you get with Luster-Foam detergent in the New Listerine Tooth Paste. You'll wonder why you ever used any other paste.

At the first touch of saliva and brush, Luster-Foam detergent leaps into an aromatic, dainty, foaming "bubble bath" that wakes up the mouth. It surges over, around, and in between the teeth to accomplish cleansing that you didn't believe possible. And what dazzling luster it gives.

You know this new dentifrice must be delightful, because six million tubes of it were sold in 90 days. In two economical sizes: Regular, 25¢ and big double-size at 40¢, containing more than 1/4 of a pound of tooth paste. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

THE NEW FORMULA

Supercharged with **LUSTER-FOAM**

P. S. LISTERINE TOOTH POWDER ALSO CONTAINS LUSTER-FOAM

The Editor's Page



An Open Letter to the Ritz Brothers

had been *I Cried For You* it curdled to *I Can Get Along Without You Very Well*. Ah, fickle me. And ah, fickle Mr. and Mrs. and Miss General Public, too. For where there was a deluge of mail about the Ritz Brothers into this department, now there is a dearth. I have missed those letters, I can tell you—because while raves about Lamarr or Crosby or Gable have a certain similarity, the Ritz raves ran the gamut in appreciation from an old manor house in Sussex to a flatlet in Flatbush. They had a common taste in common, that's all.

Now why can't you recapture that fine old careless Ritz Brothers rapture? We still really care, you know, in spite of our seeming indifference. It was bad news when you boys "walked out" on "The Gorilla." But you walked back again, and so the world is looking brighter for me and, I hope, for Sussex and Flatbush. "The Gorilla" seems ideally suited to your terrific talents, if you can tell from the stills—there's one on this page—and you usually *can* tell. Master muggers—I mean mummers that you are, you have every chance to glare, grimace, and look cross-eyed. It all looks fine. How I hope it really is—because with W. C. Fields depending upon elephants and wooden dummies for laughs, and Charlie Chaplin taking so long to film "The Dictator," we need you, you adorable old Ritz Brothers, you. With love from us all, especially—

DEAR BROTHERS—especially Harry:
Sorry, but I don't love you any more.

You may recall I wrote you an Open Love Letter under the guise of a review of "Kentucky Moonshine." Came right out in print with the shameful admission that you-all, and *especially* Harry, were my dream princes. Well, I was not alone. Others loved the Ritz Brothers too, it turned out. I had letters from fans in almost every one of our forty-eight states confessing that they, too, were madly, deeply enamoured. I had notes from England raving about the Ritzes in flawless style on impeccable stationery. I even had a wire from the Ritz Brothers themselves. It began to look as though to know the Ritz Brothers was to love them.

Then what happened? Well, then you boys made a picture called "Straight, Place and Show." And you appeared also in "The Three Musketeers" with Don Ameche, who has more teeth than all of you, or maybe it only seems so. Anyway, it all marked the death of a grand passion with me. I turned allergic to Ritzes. Where my theme song for you

Delight Evans



"Don't shoot!" screams Loretta Young, in merry mood on 20th Century-Fox star jaunt to San Francisco Fair.



Ty Power is trying his hand at taking pictures with Len Weissman's camera, only to be thwarted by the hand of girl-friend Annabella looming up before him, and Loretta's wicked wink.

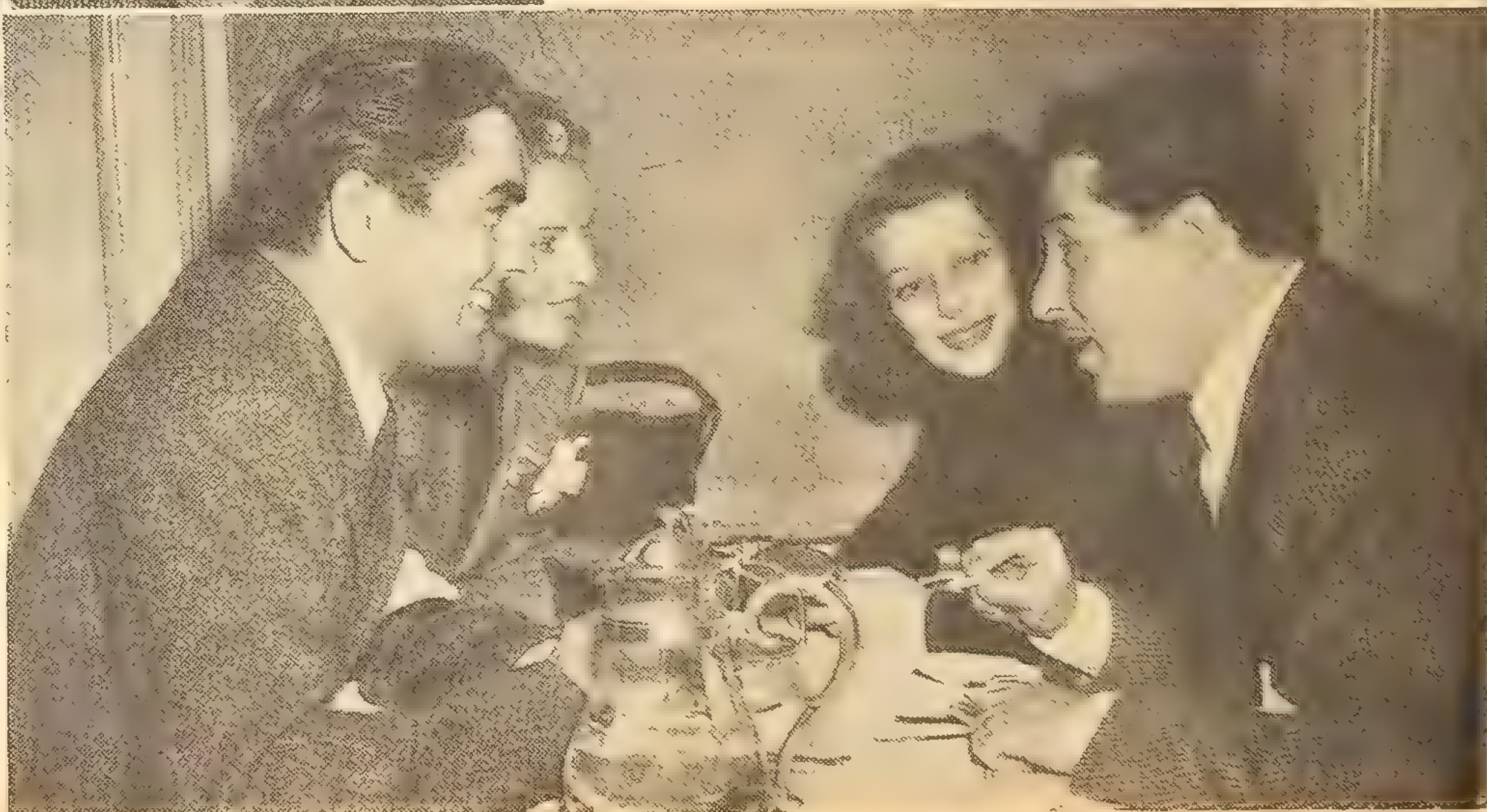
Hollywood Whirl

SCREENLAND'S demon camera reporter, Len Weissman, has real whirl with off-guard stars at Frisco Fair



It was a gay crew in the dining-car on the way to San Francisco. Loretta and Don, co-stars of "Alexander Graham Bell," share a table with Sonja Henie. Like Sonja's lapel and sweater clips?

Another group en route—Loretta and Don again, this time with Tyrone Power and—surprise, surprise!—Miss Annabella, of all people, and they make a very gay and handsome dining-car foursome.



All aboard! The 20th Century-Fox Special leaves Los Angeles for San Francisco Golden Gate Exposition. In this group: Nancy Kelly, Annabella, Ty Power, Anita Louise.



Ty is still trying to get that picture of Loretta! This time Don Ameche tries to co-operate, but doesn't seem to be having much luck. My, my, that Young girl is camera-shy. Oh, yes?



Finally Loretta faces it. Only now it is Don Ameche behind the borrowed camera. Cute picture, anyway.



Signing the guest register at San Francisco's Treasure Island, above, are Nancy Kelly, that Ameche man again, and Anita Louise, starlet in stripes.



Triumphal ride through San Francisco street brings delighted grins to famous faces of Sonja, Loretta and Ameche. Stars really get a big boot out of personal appearances.



Don Ameche finds a live turtle swimming in his water glass and shows it to Sonja and to Mayor Rossi of San Francisco at lunch. That prankish Power put over the gag.



Studio boss Darryl Zanuck is seen at right end of row at big doings in honor of movie visitors. Reading left: Cesar Romero, Connie Bennett, Sonja, Anita, Tyrone, and Annabella.

Big doings in Dodge City, Kansas, when Hollywood stars moved in for movie premiere. Of course the name of the picture is a deep, dark secret—but you can see it was fun



SCREENLAND's photographer, Len Weissman, left, went Western on the Dodge City Special and is here shown giving Humphrey Bogart, no mean photographer himself, a few pointers on camera technique. These pictures are all by Weissman.



Special star of the occasion was Errol Flynn, above, who wears his wild Western costume and a broad smile as he greets the crowds upon his arrival in the Kansas town. Mr. Flynn is featured in the mysterious picture which was world-premiered.



A little harmony in the club car of the train which carried the Hollywood stars to Dodge City. Maxie Rosenbloom, Rosemary and Priscilla Lane, Jean Parker, and Buck Jones get together. The Lanes are wearing cow-girl hats to get in character.



The premiere itself occurred at three, count 'em, three movie theatres simultaneously. Above, Alan Hale, Patsy Lane, and Hoot Gibson are thrilled at the wild welcome from the Dodge City fans. Priscilla looks cute tricked up as a Westernette.



Just a small section, above, of the crowds that thronged Dodge City, Kansas, when a certain motion picture had its "world premiere" there. Folks came from four states to get a glimpse of the dozen or so stars from Hollywood. The town will never be the same—nor will world premieres, for the event in Dodge City started something in the way of movie openings.



Any chance for a little extra celebrating was grabbed with joy by the visiting Hollywoodites. Below, Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, Patsy Lane and Gloria Dickson sing *Happy Birthday* to Rosemary Lane.



Watch the expressions on the upturned faces of the fans as the littlest Lane sister delivers her "Glad to be here" speech. The Dodge City jaunt proved to picture producers that the movie stars are really loved.



Afraid this picture, right, gives the show away. Yep, there was a mighty good reason the Warner Bros. chose Dodge City, Kansas, for the scene of their big premiere. Group at right includes Frank McHugh, Maxie Rosenbloom, Priscilla Lane, Errol Flynn, Jack Warner, Rosemary Lane, John Garfield, Humphrey Bogart.



"Yippee!" yells Wayne Morris as, togged out in cowboy regalia, he faces the fans gathered in the town square to greet visiting screen stars. Players learned fans' memories are not so brief after all, as the two old-timers, Hoot Gibson and Buck Jones, received tremendous ovations.

Attention SCREENLAND READERS!

NORVELL Will Send You Your 1939 Horoscope Free

NOW you, too, may consult Norvell, just as many famous Hollywood stars do, if you are interested to know what the future holds from the positions of the heavenly bodies. Want to know what the planets may predict for you? Of course you do—it's a human failing to try to peer into the mysterious future; and whether or not you are as convinced as Norvell and many others that astrology is an exact science, you will be interested and entertained. Take advantage of this *free* SCREENLAND offer. Norvell will send every SCREENLAND reader who requests it, absolutely free, a 1939 Horoscope. Simply fill out the coupon below and mail, but be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address: Norvell, Box 989, Hollywood, California.

Please send me Norvell's Horoscope. I enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.

My Name is.....

My Address is.....

City.....State.....

My Birthdate is.....

DANGER of a marital separation for Jeanette MacDonald. . . . So warn the heavenly stars for this singing star. Born in the Sign of Gemini, between May 21 and June 20, Miss MacDonald comes into a disturbing cycle of romantic activity in the Fall months of 1939. In her marriage to Gene Raymond, she listened to her heart rather than her head, for Gene was born in the fire Sign of Leo and that sign is not compatible to the air Sign of Gemini.

If Gemini happens to be YOUR own birth Sign then you too must be cautious in matters concerning romance and marriage. You may feel the disquieting rays of the planets at this time, and you may want to change the present romantic condition in your own life. Do not act in haste, however, but let the advice of your ruling star be your guide in such important matters.

Just what are the characteristics and traits of the dual Sign of Gemini? In astrology this Sign is symbolized by the twins—one pulling in one direction, and the other pulling in the opposite direction. You are constantly torn between two desires mentally. When you are in love with someone, you are usually miserable, and you wonder if that person loves you; if you should end your romance, then you are equally miserable and feel that you probably did the wrong thing. It is this duality of mind that makes it so difficult for this Sign to find the supreme happiness in love and marriage that should be your lot in life.

Your ruling star, Mercury, makes you romantic, idealistic, and inclined to be somewhat fickle. You have been blessed with a dynamic and impetuous nature, and this gives you a very attractive personality. You attract the attention of members of the opposite sex easily, and can win the love of anyone you set your mind on.

Besides Jeanette MacDonald, the following screen



Norvell, himself, pictured above with Jeanette MacDonald, for whom he predicts colorful things. Opposite page, Norvell with Jimmy Stewart, whom he advises as to what the future holds for him.

stars were born in the Sign of Gemini: Priscilla Lane, Rosalind Russell, Gail Patrick, Jimmy Stewart, Johnny Weissmuller, and Olivia de Havilland. This is one of the most talented Signs in the Zodiac, and when it comes to success in the artistic world, they generally attract more than their share of it in life.

This year brought Priscilla Lane her great success. For Gail Patrick her ruling star brought a change in her studio. Johnny Weissmuller attracted a divorce from fiery Lupe Velez, and Jimmy Stewart has found several romances in the past year or so. You can easily see how changeable is this Sign of Gemini, and what a strange variety of experiences you may attract if this is your ruling Sign.

For happiness and success in romance and marriage Gemini-born should attract someone born in one of the following birth Signs. Aquarius, January 20 to February 18, (Clark Gable and Judith Barrett are typical of this Sign.) Libra, September 23 to October 22, (Janet Gaynor and Paul Muni are Libra-born.) Or Virgo, August 23 to September 22, (Fredric March and Garbo are Virgo types.)

FORECAST FOR MONTH OF MAY FOR ALL SIGNS

Because this month holds such changing conditions for all Signs of the Zodiac, it is important that you consult the following forecast for YOUR own particular birth-

Foretells the Future for Hollywood Stars and for You!

Now Norvell is a feature of **SCREENLAND!** Hollywood's pet astrologer will discuss the future not only of the famous film stars but of readers who are interested in astrology



Believe it or not, astrology is fascinating, is fun! If you want to know what the planets predict for **YOU**, follow Norvell's articles. You'll be interested in his advice to stars

date. No matter when you were born, you may find information here that may help you avoid the pitfalls of life, and to live your life more fully and happily.

March 21 to April 20—Aries

Those born in the Sign of Aries face great activity in business and romance at this time. Your ruler Mars forms an aspect that brings many unusual opportunities into your life. Be alert for chances to progress in all departments of your life. Avoid all extravagances this month. The following days are favorable: 4th, 8th, 10th, 15th, 20th, 22nd, 25th, and 28th. The other days are not as favorable, so use caution in all affairs, and watch the health and diet. Romance is uncertain this month, so do not make important decisions.

April 21 to May 20—Taurus

Good aspects rule this month for Taurus born. The month is favorable for travel, literary efforts, publishing, advertising or promoting business interests. Any efforts you make now may well be rewarded in the coming months. Romance is unsettled. Be conservative in your affairs and do not make radical changes. The following days are favorable this month: the 3rd, 6th, 10th, 12th, 17th, 20th, 21st, 25th, and 29th. On those days follow all routine affairs with full confidence. Social events are favored, also financial transactions of a permanent nature. On the 4th, 13th, and 19th, events of interest may materialize in the home. Your worries will be mostly mental so do not allow minor disturbances to interfere with your plans.

May 21 to June 20—Gemini

Your ruling planet brings about a fascinating acquaintance with a member of the opposite sex. This might lead to a thrilling love affair in the near future. You must be quite sure in your mind that you love before promising your affections. In business you will face better conditions this month. Promote your interests, ask favors, and seek advancement. The 1st, 4th, 9th, 13th, 17th, 21st, 22nd, 26th, and 30th are favorable for all routine affairs. On the other days watch the health, avoid risky ventures, and relax.

June 21 to July 22—Cancer

You are now coming out of slight afflictions by your ruler, which is the Moon. You may have to make a change in the home, and this upsets you at this time. Money should be forthcoming, and the venture you are planning comes under good aspects; it stands every chance of meeting with success. Travel is favored this month. Visits to relatives, or business trips prove successful. On the 12th of the month an event of importance may take place. The lucky days are the 2nd, 5th, 8th, 14th, 22nd, 27th, 29th, and 30th. The month ends on an optimistic note in romance and business.

July 23 to August 22—Leo

You have been under a terrific cycle of romantic agitation and confusion. Mars, the planet causing all the trouble, will be kinder this month and relieve your mind of needless worry. This is an (Please turn to page 74)

Hedy



By
**Elizabeth
Wilson**

SEVERAL months ago Hollywood's Number One Glamor Girl (and I don't have to tell you who *she* is if you have eyes to see with) was voted by the college boys of America as the girl with whom they'd like to be marooned on a desert island. But Hedy, it seems, wasn't so keen for that desert stuff. When she and handsome Gene Markey became engaged during the last days of the ill-fated "I Take This Woman" Gene asked the raven-haired Hedy where she would like to live when they married.

"I would like a small house," said Hedy, "on the top of a mountain. Miles away from studios and people. Where I can see trees and sunsets."

So Gene phoned a renting agent and the agent said he would see what he could find. Several weeks later he phoned back that he had the very house that Hedy had described. Gene called for Hedy and they drove out at once to take a look. "I love it, it's just what I want," said Hedy. So Gene paid the first month's rent, signed a contract for six months with an option to buy, and told the renting agent that they would move in soon. Neither Hedy nor Gene had any idea that it would be as soon as it was. But you know how love is about such things.

And so here I was, this March afternoon, sitting in the Markeys' living room, waiting for Hedy to decide whether she wanted a narrow "HLM" or a squatty "hlm" on her new stationery. What with wedding presents piling in she certainly needed some stationery—had I seen what Frank Morgan sent her? And Myrna Loy? And, oh, I must see at once her new wedding ring—a slender band of small square-cut diamonds, with "Hedl from Gene" engraved inside. "Hedl" is what Gene calls her. It is a nickname for Hedwig, her real name. And by the way, Hedy does wish that people would stop calling her Heady, as in wine, or Hedda, as in Hopper—it's spelled Hedy, but it's pronounced Hady. I told her I'd tell you.

The Markeys' honeymoon house is quite the loveliest thing I've seen in years—small, unpretentious, and as un-movie-starish as gingham. There is no playroom, or rumpus room as they call them now, no bar, no swimming pool or tennis court—none of the things that go into these stately homes of Hollywood. It's a house just like you or I might live in. An interior decorator hasn't been within miles of the place. There are two bedrooms, not completely furnished yet, a homey living-room with a fireplace, a dining-room and a kitchen. All the rooms are quite small. With cozy chintzes and charming wallpaper. The only photograph in the entire house is one of precious little Melinda Markey (Gene's and Joan Bennett's five-year-old daughter (*Please turn to page 80*))

Lamarr's Own Story

of her Romantic Elopement

Scoop! Hollywood's most glamorous bride tells us—and only us—of her new happiness, in her own words

Acme



Hedy and her new husband, Gene Markey, at right, in their first photograph together after their marriage. Above, two close-ups of Hedy.

Sex-Appeal KID



Why do some of screen's loveliest women name Jimmy Cagney as "the man with most sex-appeal in Hollywood"? Better read this for a real surprise!

By
Gladys Hall



The scene that started it all, above: Cagney pastes Mae Clark with the grapefruit in "Public Enemy"—remember? Left, Jimmy makes suaver love to Ann Sheridan in current film. On opposite page, the pretties gazing up at Jimmy are Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Rosemary Lane.



HE IS a mere five feet nine inches tall, weighs a piffling 155 pounds, has pink hair, white eyelashes, freckles, and a whispering voice. And if these "points" add up to Sex-Appeal then my girlish dreams were certainly on the wrong track. Well, they certainly *were*. For if you select any four women in Hollywood at random, ask them to name the star with the most sex appeal, three out of the four will answer, "Jimmy Cagney."

Now, *why*? Gable is six feet one inch tall, weighs 195 pounds, has a voice like to the boom of the main jib and a' that. The sum total of the Gable attractions is patent to the most astigmatic observer. Taylor is six feet tall, weighs 190 pounds, that hair, them eyes, those teeth give a better definition for sex appeal than the late Mr. Webster ever wotted of. Put Jimmy next to Tyrone Power in a beauty contest and even Jimmy's mother might burst into tears. Nelson Eddy can *sing*, too. If you check your maiden reveries and believe what you read in books, Boyer is the other word for sex-appeal. And no one is trying to skimp them on their lion's share of the potent magnet called "physical chemistry," either: Yet I have talked "girl-talk" with such connoisseurs of masculine *umph* as Joan Crawford, Joan Bennet, Madeleine Carroll, Claudette Colbert and many others, and in each and every case they give me Jimmy Cagney as their idea of sex-appeal—and they mean sex-appeal. Mae West, in her brash, bold fashion, came right out in meeting and stated that Jimmy is the one for her money where the old S. A. is concerned. Mae, who never leaves anything to the imagination, amplified her statement by explaining, "It's because he always looks as though he's just about to spring." True, come to think of it. And graphic. And tigerish. But Mae and her experienced eye notwithstanding, we feel that the subject bears further investigation. For just on the face of it, certainly, Jimmy is not the one to cause maids and matrons to toss and turn in their sleep. On the face of it, Clark Gable would reduce Cagney to the stature of a polyp and Robert Taylor would place him among the comic valentines. Nevertheless, maids and matrons do toss and turn in their sleep, having ag'nies over Jim Cagney—we resolved to find out *why* and *wherefore*.

We decided to make a serious if not scientific, gal-to-gal Cagney canvas. We figured that we would ask the girls who have worked in pictures with Jimmy to give us definitions of the Cagney sex-appeal. For the ladies who have worked with Cagney have felt the hard tug and pull of Cagney competition as well as the softer tug and pull of the Cagney charm. Their opinions, therefore, while not jaundiced, would certainly not be too prejudiced in his favor. And so, notebook and pencil in hand, we went to Bette Davis, famed for her frankness; to Ann Sheridan, Rosemary Lane, Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, and of each in turn we asked, simply, "Why has Jimmy Cagney got sex-appeal? Not Tall, not Dark, not Handsome; short, with pink hair, white eyelashes, freckles and a voice like a purr, what makes him so devastating to women? Can you define his attraction for us?" And then we sat back and took down what they said, word for word, without interruption, without any attempt at embellishing or editing their statements.

Bette was our first Port of Call. We posed our question, "Why has Jimmy Cagney got sex-appeal?"—and poised our pencil. Said Bette, "I don't know *why*—but he and Spencer Tracy both have it. It's a question well taken because Jimmy certainly has sex-appeal and I mean he HAS He and Tracy, both. Probably most of it has to do with sincerity, a *great* sincerity. Probably because of this sincerity, which is in both of these men, *you believe in them as lovers* as you believe in them as priests, gangsters, men-about-to-die or whatever rôles they are playing. You believe them so completely that when you are watching them on the screen, you forget that they are acting even when you yourself are acting with them. I should say here that I have never in my entire life liked a good-looking man and never will. I have watched one of our handsomest handsome men doing his stuff on the screen—and off—and my mental reservation has been, 'Silliest-looking thing I ever saw in my life!' Handsome men make me physically *ill*. Cagney isn't handsome, give him what you will. Tracy isn't handsome. Yet they are far and away the most attractive men on the screen to me.

"Then, too, Cagney has a terrific voice, but *terrific*. Oh, I know it's soft, low-pitched, (*Please turn to page 82*)

Brunette



Every girl dreams about "changing her type." But as a rule only Hollywood stars dare to do it. Here Joan Bennett demonstrates with charm and conviction how she made herself over from blonde to brunette with accompanying changes of costume. Joan has always wanted to wear yellow—maybe that is one reason she has dyed her hair dark, as above. Now she can wear the smart spectator sports outfit at left, with jacket of canary yellow blocked in shades of grey. Her knitted turban and large purse are of bright yellow. Across the page, the brunette Joan proves she can wear white at last, with this knitted sweater suit edged in red, white, and blue, and all-white accessories. For contrast, consider Joan the Blonde—remember?—when she wore fussier, printed silk suits, as at top right opposite page.



IT TOOK just four minutes and cost exactly \$15.00—but it has changed the entire tenor of Joan Bennett's life. In a great many ways it has changed the girl herself. I'm speaking of the new color of her hair. She dyed it recently, you know, from its former corn silk blonde to a lovely dark shade, not quite brown and not quite dark ash but rather in between the two and with highlights of gold like your grandmother's wedding ring.

Mugsy was the first omen of what was happening. Mugsy is a cat of uncertain parentage whose name was Mitzi until Joan discovered his correct status in life. Joan has never liked cats and cats have never liked Joan. Hence they were conspicuous by their absence around the Bennett household. Her prize cocker spaniels romped all over the place but the welcome mat and the feline world had nothing in common. Cats, stray or otherwise, seemed to sense this unfriendly situation for they gave the place a wide berth. Thus it came as something of a shock to Joan to hear a faint mewing at the front door the night after her hair had undergone its darkening bath. It was more than a shock to find herself cuddling the furry little waif and liking it! Now Mugsy is the king pin of the household, archly wandering from room to room and curling himself up on the best silk furniture in snooty disdain.

After Mugsy's advent, Joan found herself changing in many ways. Colors she formerly had liked now definitely antagonize her. The same is true of materials, jewelry, perfumes and furs. It's even true of part of her house itself which a few months ago represented perfection to her. But most important, she has discovered strange changes in her own personality and thoughts.

**The true story
of the amazing
transformation of Joan
Bennett from
Blonde to Brunette,
with
clothes to
match!**



vs. Blonde?

The photographs of Miss Joan Bennett posed in "Brunette" costumes were made exclusively for SCREENLAND by I. Magnin and Co., Los Angeles.

By Kay Proctor

in her reactions to other people and their reactions to her. Joan Bennett is a new person, and all because of a pot of dye!

Before I tell you about those changes it is just as well, perhaps, to explain how the whole thing came about. Up until ten years ago Joan was satisfied with the hair God gave her. It was soft, silky, and that particular shade of ash blonde commonly known as "mousy." But what pleased God and Joan did not please Sam Goldwyn when he gave Joan her first movie rôle with Ronald Colman in "Bulldog Drummond."

"Very nice hair, no doubt," said Sam, "but not what I want. Cut and bleach it!"

Nineteen-year-old movie aspirants don't talk back to Sam Goldwyn if they know what's good for them, and so another baby-faced blonde was born and the Joan Bennett appearance and personality the fans were to know for the next nine years was established. But that did not mean that Joan liked it.

"I always felt like the front row of the chorus," she succinctly described it. "What's more, it was a terrific

How Joan Bennett personality as well as when she dyed her

Here, on this page, is Joan posing for you in the gems from her new "Brunette" wardrobe. Far left, afternoon dress in clever crepe print; background is Copenhagen blue, diagonal stripes are purple, and the flower design is in cyclamen. Joan's hat is turban-shaped, made of shirred blue chiffon, with fabulous veil. Left, all in green is Brunette Joan; olive green sheer wool dress topped by woven wool jacket in very pale Nile green. Below, a peasant dress which would never have been chosen by Joan the Blonde, but is gay for the new Brunette. It is of a multi-colored paisley print and white linen combination.



All photographs posed by Miss Joan Bennett wearing her new "Brunette" costumes were taken exclusively for SCREENLAND by I. Magnin and Co., Los Angeles.



nuisance and a costly one. As long as I had to be a *blondy* blonde, I was determined I'd do a good job of it. That meant I was at the beauty shop on an average of *five times a week* for shampoos, bleaches and so forth. Anyone who has been through the routine knows what that means. Now I never go more than twice a week, and lots of times I shampoo it myself at home!"

Occasionally, too, remarks would be made that got under her skin like the time a man whose opinion she respected looked at her and shook his head. "Joan, you are one of the most honest girls in Hollywood," he said. "Your hair is the only dishonest thing about you!"

A few months ago Walter Wanger cast her in the leading rôle opposite Fredric March in "Trade Winds." In the story, in case you have not yet seen the picture, the girl believes herself a murderess and flees the country in disguise. To effect the startling change necessary to the character in the story, Joan suggested a black wig. Her suggestion was adopted—and then all hell broke loose! For in a black wig, Joan looked enough like Hedy Lamarr to be her twin sister. Publicity about the unexpected turn of events mushroomed into headlines and Joan Bennett caustically was accused of trying to steal Hedy Lamarr's thunder; of making every effort to capitalize on another girl's sudden ascent to fame and popularity; and a few other little barbs not quite so dainty.

changed her whole her entire wardrobe blonde hair dark!

Joan kept her head. Such answer as she made to the accusations was one of polite appreciation. She was flattered, she said, to be thought as lovely as Hedy. "But to be honest, I resented it slightly at first," Joan told me. "After all, I've been around Hollywood for ten years with the same face."

Apparently it never occurred to anyone that Hedy, the import, was a brunette edition of the home-town Joan!

When "Trade Winds" was completed, Joan dyed her hair to its present color and she firmly intends to keep it in the present shade henceforth. There are two reasons for this: in the first place she always had promised herself she would forsake the way of all bleach when she reached the ripe old age of 30. She is 29 now, so she only jumped the gun by one year. And in the second place, she found her reactions to life infinitely more exciting, stimulating and satisfying while wearing the black wig and decided to keep them that way.

"That is not as far-fetched as it may sound," Joan explained. "Almost every woman has experienced a strange change in her spirit and morale, for example, merely by wearing a certain color. Perhaps it makes her feel younger, or more alluring, or gayer, or imbued with an unexpected self confidence for no particular reason. I found wearing darker hair did unexpected things to me, and things I liked."

Most striking of the outward changes is her new reaction to color. Naturally this has meant a complete revision of her wardrobe. As a blonde she liked turquoise blue, pink, pale green, powder blue, brown and dubonnet. Her favorite costume was black from head to toe without a single touch of relief.

Now she likes the various shades of violet and purple, cyclamen, bright reds, kelly green and steel blue. A passion for black has given way to white and her entire summer wardrobe will emphasize it in suits, sweaters, coats, evening dresses and furs. She even has a white satin bathing suit.

In fabrics she used to prefer chiffons, velvets and knitted things. Now she likes crepes and brocades. Her former love of sleek furs such as ermine, mink, caracul, beaver and sable has been succeeded by a desire for the fluffier types such as foxes, lynx and wolf.

"Not that I'm discarding the furs I had for new ones," she laughed. "That would be carrying things too far. But I like the fluffy-ones better." (Which reminds me. Lest any fans get ambitious ideas about asking Joan for some of her discarded dresses, it's too late! She already has given the majority of them to a former star who now is having a tough time of it and who needed them in her



The Blonde Joan Bennett, left above, gazes at the New Brunette at right, and wonders which is right? Chartreuse was taboo with Joan when a blonde, but now she finds it one of her most flattering colors, and chooses the informal dinner gown at right for its chartreuse background, splotted with black flowers. The attached hood can be worn over the head or draped about the shoulders. Joan's barbaric necklace and bracelets are decidedly "Brunette." You'll see this new Brunette Joan on the screen soon in "The Man in the Iron Mask," an Edward Small production for United Artists.

work. The rest of them have been made over into frocks for Melinda and Diana, her two young daughters. There's no nonsense about hand-me-downs in that family!)

She has noted an interesting change in her preference for perfumes and scents. Formerly the light fragrances such as Rock Garden, jasmine, Frou Frou and Blue Grass enthralled her. Now she uses the heavier, spicy scents like Arpege and Vague Souvenir.

Even the house itself has not escaped the dictates of her new personality. The dining-room, in particular, is all wrong! Once she loved the daintiness of its muralled walls, beige drapes, sage green rug and French period furniture in hand-rubbed walnut. The room was her pet joy in the stately white home with its wide sweep of lawns, formal rose gardens, and Benmeldi kennels. (Ben for Bennett, Mel for Melinda, *Please turn to page 84*)

SEPTEMBER 4, 1937 was a scorcher in Hollywood, 114 degrees in the shade. The lovely orchids Tony Martin had given Alice Faye to wear as her bridal corsage withered *en route* to Yuma, where they flew to be married. And when they emerged at the plane landing, they discovered that Alice's powder blue suit had been faded by the sun.

"I had been so excited about our elopment I had forgotten that we'd need a car to get to the minister's house," Tony Martin, dark, straight, and very handsome, told me, as we chatted in his dressing-room at the Paramount Theatre in New York where he was packing them in with his songs on his personal appearance tour. "So we began to hitch hike in the blazing sun." After a few blocks they met a young Indian lad in an old model-T Ford, and he took Tony, Alice, her stand-in Helene Holmes, and Helene's boy friend, Claude Smith, who were to be the witnesses, to the minister's. "Later, when

Helene and Claude were married, we stood up for them, returning the courtesy," Tony went on.

But I wasn't thinking of what Tony was saying. To me, the story of the Faye-Martin marriage, delayed six months by Alice's work in a film; their honeymoon in Honolulu delayed eight months by more film work, seemed symbolic of their entire wedded life. To me, it seems a union that Hollywood will down. Perhaps not this year or next, but eventually. Were Alice and Tony Martin the boy and girl next door, starting out from scratch, I have no doubt that they'd make a go of their marriage and be happy. But since they are Alice Faye, top-notch movie star, and Tony Martin, radio star and not so top-notch movie player, the picture is changed.

If you ask Tony Martin, as I did, pointblank, whether he believes their marriage will last, his answer comes quick and assured: "I got just what I expected out of my

Can the Martin-Marriage



marriage to Alice. And Alice lives for me. Of course our marriage will last! As soon as I have finished my personal appearance tour, and get things straightened out, Alice intends to drop her picture work, and begin to raise a family. We have been looking at ranches in the Encino Valley, near Al Jolson's place, and we're all set. Both Alice and I want children, and neither of us wants to wait too long."

"Is Alice willing to give up her career for a family?" I asked.

"Yes," Tony answered. "I expect to earn the living for my family. If she wants to retire permanently, that's O.K. with me. Personally, I wouldn't want her to do that, for I feel her acting means too much to her. And five years hence I wouldn't want her to feel she had given up her work for me."

"But what about separation rumors?"

"You tell me, what about 'em?" Tony answered bitterly. "They are a lot of bunk. You know Alice and I had a stormy courtship, full of separations and quarrels. We got all over with that before we married, and I believe that makes for the happiest marriages. Today, we get along well, considering everything. I'm not trying to say we never disagree; that would be silly. For how would it be possible for two individuals, raised with different backgrounds, to agree on everything? It takes more than a year or two of marriage to adjust one's differences. Sure,

Faye? Last!

**They hope so, and we're
for them—but read what
they have to fight to hold
their happiness together**

**By
Mary Jacobs**



we have had disagreements, but they are all trivial."

Frankly, I was surprised at Tony's breaking down and admitting even this much. Heretofore, whenever his marriage has been mentioned, he has insisted 'I married an angel,' and that ended it. But be it said for him that though he squirmed at many of my queries, he did answer everything I put to him. And while my interpretation of events may not agree with his, and I may not share his firm conviction that he and Alice will be man and wife till death do them part, I feel quite sure he was sincere in his statements.

"Alice has a temper. I have a temper. Alice is a stickler for her ideas. I'm pretty stubborn once I get something fixed in my mind. Alice is the soul of neatness. Every night when she comes home from work she goes from room to room inspecting the ash trays. I fill 'em up and forget to empty them. In fact, before I had to pay for the rugs, I left my ashes all over 'em. Of course we have minor run-ins because of these facts. Now I have a habit of leaving my clothes around, that Alice just hates. At the beginning, she'd refuse to go out with me till I hung up every stitch of clothing."

And when that didn't work, the undaunted Miss Faye hit upon another scheme. When she returns home and finds Tony's clothes scattered around, she throws them upon the floor, in a heap. And then there's the matter of dogs. Now get me straight. Alice is an animal lover, and

adores the three pekes, the Doberman, the bulldog and terrier that Tony brought home. And that, incidentally, he insists upon feeding himself every day. But when he came home with a Welsh terrier the other night, that proved too much, and the Faye temper rose. "What are you starting here," Alice demanded, "a kennel?" And all evening long she fumed about that dog.

"Sure, we've disagreed," Tony said again. "There was the time when I forgot we were going out to dinner and then to a preview with friends, and stayed late at my golf club. When I came home I found the men and women in dinner clothes, and Alice furious. 'We'd really like to take you along with us,' she said. 'And we're half an hour late for dinner already.' To add to my discomfiture," Tony laughed, "I found that my dinner clothes were at the tailor's, and I had to wear an ordinary blue suit.

"As for what I object to in Alice, well, I hate her coming late for appointments. But she is always late, so now if we make an appointment for 7:30 p.m., we both arrive at 8 o'clock, so we're both on time. And I wish she'd pay more attention to her health. Recently she collapsed on the set, and had to be taken home. The night before she was terribly sick and ran a temperature of 102 degrees. But Alice had made up her mind to go to work, and I couldn't keep her at home. Alice is a stickler when she makes up her (Please turn to page 78)

Barrymore!

MAN OR MYTH?



The great John, above, with Claudette Colbert in "Midnight." Below, with wife Elaine.



By Malcolm H. Oettinger



IN THE Hollywood Primer any bright child will tell you that B stands for Barrymore, brash, brilliant, bawdy, bold, bursting with bravura, bounce, and beans.

For better than a brace of decades John Barrymore has done his best, which at times has been very good indeed, to establish himself as a legend in the American scene. He has symbolized the romantic concept of the Actor, a swash-buckling, light-hearted cavalier striding through night-clubs, bars, taverns and grills, strewing largesse and broken hearts in his wake, running up magnificent bills (and eventually paying them), marrying on page one and divorcing in the five star final, and playing to standing room only at all performances. This was Barrymore in the twinkling twenties, when the bulls were tweaking the bears' noses and drinking Mumms' at the close of market each day. John was the unchallenged star of Broadway, the greatest *Hamlet* of his time, the Crown Prince of the "Royal Family" that capered in the play of that name.

"I have looked upon the wine while it was red," he will tell you today, smacking his lips in memory. "But I discovered forsooth that no one man could drink it all. A les-

son that it was costly to learn, in more ways than one. But make no mistake, my friend," and at this point the famous eyebrow will be elevated, "think not that I shall stooge for any temperance advocate! Avaunt such an idea!"

When Hollywood threw out its green bait Barrymore forsook the theatre for the cinema with its fleshpot annex. He was an unqualified success in pictures, illustrating all the classics with handsome gestures. Every small town and whistle-stop joined the cities in acclaiming him. Then the great transformation began to take place. The California climate was too languorous, the hours were too easy, the pay was too high, and an era of soft living set in, causing the great man to stagnate and stultify. He divorced his Manhattan wife number two, who dabbled in writing under the curious name of Michael Strange, and took unto himself with a deal of melodrama his third, or Hollywood wife, the beautiful Dolores Costello. He built a castle on a cliff with three times as many swimming pools and five times as many rumpus rooms as any other celluloid celebrity had managed. He rode in cars of costly make and brilliant colors. He bought a yacht more (Please turn to page 96)



Screenland Salutes
Beauty of the Month:
ELLEN DREW

**GENE
KRUPA**

Dream-Prince Drum-
mer of the Jitterbugs
On the Screen in
"Some Like It Hot"

Paramount Pictures



**DOROTHY
LAMOUR**

Queen of the Sarong
in New Costume for
"Man About Town"

"Gomph!" Girl

Ann Sheridan, according to her hopeful Hollywood impresarios, has modern equivalent of old-fashioned "It." So she'll be starred. So we'll soon see!

Hurrell, Warners





Romantic Maiden

Andrea Leeds is more of a moonlight and-roses model, with haunting and frankly romantic appeal. But there's a place for her, too, in shadowland



Irene Dunne

Miss Dunne's new picture is Paramount's "Invitation to Happiness," with Fred MacMurray.



Bing Crosby

See and hear Bing in Universal's "East Side of Heaven," with Joan Blondell co-starring.

Admirable Englishman

Ian Hunter is one of
Great Britain's most
popular contributions to Hollywood.
He is currently appearing in the most
exciting "Tarzan" yet.

Little American

most lovable
screen stars
can be seen in
this American
You will like
her in "Susan-
the Mounties."





Hurrell, Wa.

Geraldine FitzGerald

Exciting new team will be the lovely Irish girl above, and the handsome Irishman on opposite page. They will soon be co-starring in "The Sea Hawk." Meanwhile you may see Geraldine Fitzgerald in a fine performance with Bette Davis in "Dark Victory," and Errol Flynn in his own film, "Dodge City," with Olivia de Havilland.



Hurrell, Warners

Errol Flynn

William Wallace,
Edward Small Productions-
United Artists



Here is Louis H
ward—left, in m
ern dress; below,
costume for the gra
est rôle of his car
in "The Man
the Iron Mask.



GALLANTRY WITH A GRIN!

ORTRAIT
OF A
PLASTIC
NYMPH

ne Wyman is a
iking study in
quancy in this
pecially posed
otograph, and
"The Kid from
okomo," her
w film with
ayne Morris.



Hal Roach-
United Artists



Both the beautiful month and the
girl, June Lang, above, whose latest
is "Captain Fury," with Brian

HERE'S TO JUNE!



Lynne
Fowler

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

Richard Dix and Gail Patrick in "Man of Conquest"

Big new American epic movie is Republic's "Man of Conquest," which presents Richard Dix in the colorful character of Sam Houston, giving Dix, still one of our screen stalwarts, his best acting opportunity since "Cimarron." Gail Patrick appears with the star in the scenes on this page. Below, a close-up of Dix in his rugged new rôle.





Top, when Nancy Kelly was very, very young. Above, with Spencer Tracy in a scene from "Stanley and Livingstone."

Nancy Kelly, youngest and most talented Hollywood newcomer, tells her own story

By Charles Darnton

YOUTH OVER



HOLLYWOOD

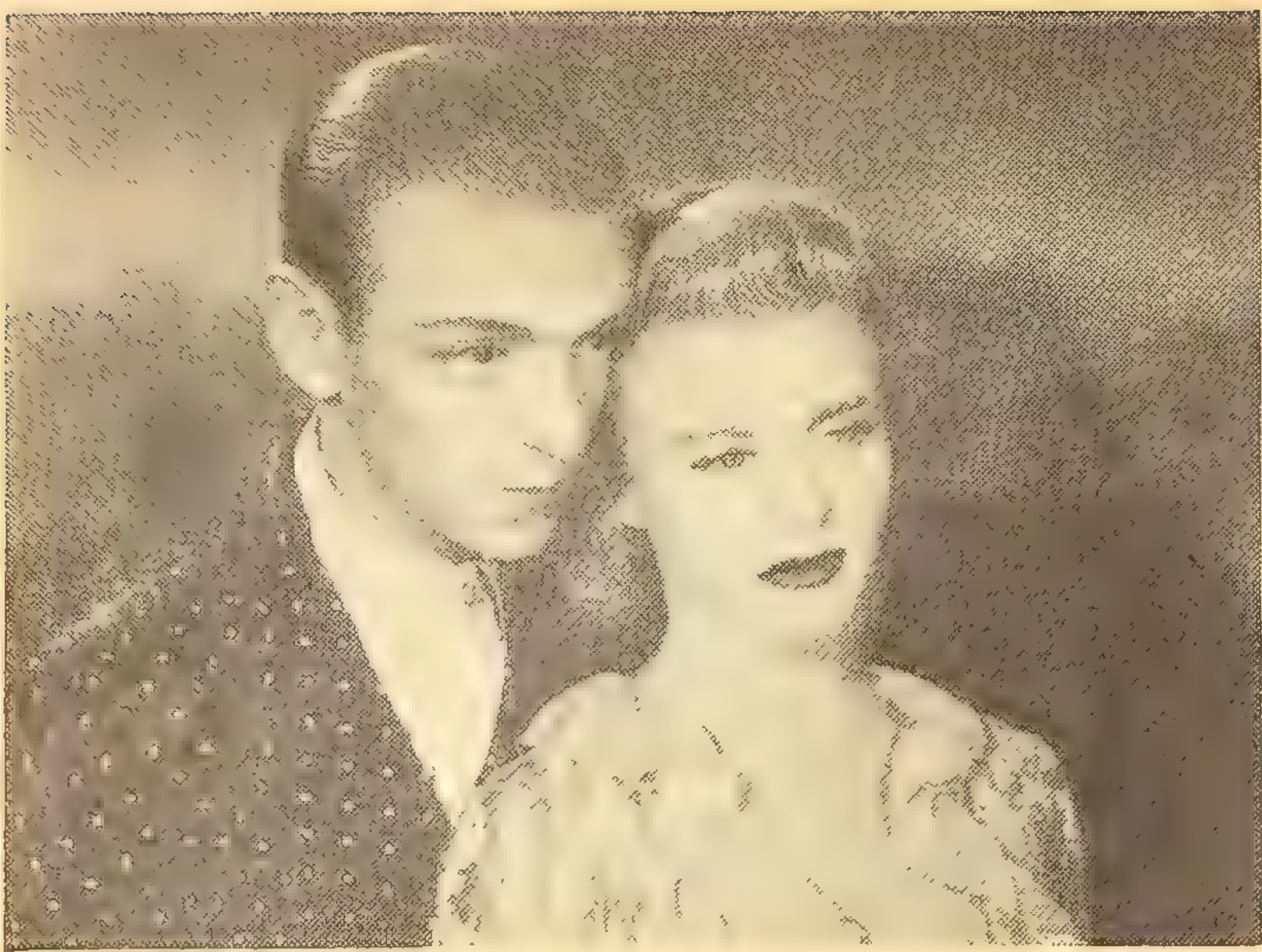
IT ALL began with a bedtime story!

Every night in a small red-brick house in the little town of Astoria, across the melancholy waters of the East River from towering Manhattan, a baby girl would be tucked into her bed only to lie there wide-eyed and expectantly lisp, "Pleathe, mummy, tell me a sthory." That mother would earnestly ponder the matter, thoughtfully remarking, "Now let me see," as she smoothed back her ash-blonde hair, then loosed her imagination into a wondrous fairy tale—often she just made it up herself—peopled with a beautiful princess, a brave knight, a bad queen, a good fairy, and oh, yes, a ragged, barefooted woodcutter's daughter, all of whom rode or roamed through a vast forest echoing the growls and howls of ever so many wild yet delightfully talkative beasts. Dozing off in this exciting and fascinating company, the tiny listener would wake with the birds and herself tell the whole story over again in her own way, changing her voice to suit the varied two-legged characters and even managing to do pretty well, with her

cute lisp, by those awfully difficult animals, poor things!

This, if you please, was the first training of that child of yesterday as the actress of today. And what an actress! None quite like her, at least in my recollection, had ever come to Hollywood. None with the face of a girl and the heart of a woman. None so young and yet so gifted. In her could be seen the triumph of youth. Indeed, now leathered and helmeted in flying togs as she sat rather than soared there before my blinking eyes, Nancy Kelly seemed irresistibly to typify Youth Over Hollywood. My amazement was all the greater when I remembered "Jesse James" in which this girl of seventeen had played truthfully and poignantly a mother with a newborn babe, a piece of work, if you ask me, to try the skill and delicacy and tenderness of the most experienced actress. But when I said as much she laughed it off with: "Oh, I've played so many mothers on the radio that I can do it now without even having labor pains!"

Hers was a merry face to go with a lively, not to say daring, sense of humor. It had, (*Please turn to page 92*)



Reviews of the best Pictures by

Delight Evans

THE STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE—RKO-Radio

 WEAR a sprig of nostalgic evergreen to this one, if your heart still belongs back in the dear old days befo' de war. If the years 1911-1918 mean nothing to you, then consult paw and maw and find out what makes them choke up a bit when they hear *Too Much Mustard* or *Oh, You Beautiful Doll* and other classics of the period. Better still, see and hear for yourself by trotting to "The Castles." It is excellent entertainment most of the time, though totally different from previous Astaire-Rogers films. In fact, it seems to me to give the immortal team their first real opportunity at characterization, and they make a valiant effort to portray the agile Vernon and the diaphanous Irene as the noted couple cavorted in those days when they were the dancing toast of every town in America. They were an Influence, Vernon and Irene Castle, and they left their graceful imprint on customs and costumes, curiously enough something their just-as-able successors, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, have never quite achieved in contemporary entertainment. Can you remember the steps, or even the name of an Astaire-Rogers dance creation? Oh, excuse *me*. I see you can. All that matters, though, is that "The Castles" is continuously charming, a grand show.



THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP—Universal

 IF THIS isn't my favorite of all the Durbin pictures it is probably only because it lives up to its title. Deanna is growing up, and so are the other two girls. For the first time, it seems to me, there are definite signs of sophistication in the enchanting Deanna—and also for the first time indications that the amazing producer of her pictures, Mr. Pasternak, and his directorial wizard Henry Koster, are not keeping young in heart as they have miraculously managed up to now. There is an awareness, a deliberate striving for smartness in this new film which I deplore. It has charm, it has sparkle, it has humor; but they seem manufactured qualities in place of the heartwarming spontaneity hitherto achieved by the great combination. Deanna, the girl herself, can't help growing up, I know; and she is certainly doing it with marvellous grace. But surrounding her with such assured youngsters as brittle Nan Grey and wise little Helen Parrish somehow robs her of some of the glorious glow, the beautiful naturalness. Of course I enjoyed the gay scenes in which Deanna woos nice Robert Cummings for her sister's sake; and the touching moments when she persuades her father (Charles Winninger) to pay some attention to his family.



WUTHERING HEIGHTS—Goldwyn-United Artists

 DEEPLY impressive picture reflecting great credit on its producer Samuel Goldwyn and adding immeasurably to the glory of its stars, Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier, nevertheless "Wuthering Heights" hardly adds up to an amusing evening at the neighborhood theatre. Stark and sombre, brooding and forbidding, beautifully and artistically produced and directed and acted as it is, it still does not spell entertainment in my dictionary. Mr. Goldwyn knows his own business better than I do, and it may be that people positively enjoy watching screen shadows who suffer for thwarted love, even in these parlous times. All right, so I'm wrong. I can appreciate the wonders of "Wuthering Heights" without wallowing in them, can't I? Certainly the Emily Bronte tale of twisted passion provides wonderful acting opportunities, with Olivier dominant as the tormented *Heathcliff* whose love for *Cathy* can only be called grim, and Oberon very slightly second in importance as the ill-fated heroine, with fine supporting performances by David Niven as *Cathy's* luckless husband, and Geraldine Fitzgerald as *Heathcliff's* unhappy pawn. Oh, they're *all* unhappy—but fortunately "Wuthering Heights" has moments of great beauty, too.

THE BEST OF ALL POSSIBLE PICTURES:

"Love Affair"—it wins our Honor Page, it should win the next Academy Award, and everything else in sight. Boy, strike off a couple of extra gold medals, please!

BETTER NOT MISS:

"Alexander Graham Bell"

"Vernon and Irene Castle"

"Three Smart Girls Grow Up"

THE BEST PERFORMANCES:

Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer, Mme. Ouspenskaya in "Love Affair"

Astaire and Rogers in "Vernon and Irene Castle"

Deanna Durbin, Charles Winninger, Robert Cummings in "Three Smart Girls Grow Up"

Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier in "Wuthering Heights"

Lew Ayres in "Ice Follies of 1939"



LOVE AFFAIR—RKO-Radio



SHEER magic, that's what this picture is! It has me bewitched, I can tell you—and I've seen it only twice. I know people who have seen it four times and they go around with a bemused look to this day, drooling over precious pet scenes or scraps of dialogue or the way Irene Dunne smiled at Charles Boyer or the look in Boyer's eyes when he realized her sacrifice—oh, it gets you, "Love Affair" does. It got me and it still has me; the only trouble with it is it makes every other picture, even the epics, seem merely dull. I wish you could have seen it as I did at the Radio City Music Hall in New York. Because *there* is a tough showcase for any picture—I mean that vast difficult audience with one eye on the handsome decorations or the ushers and the other eye defying the screen, a million or so miles away, to show it something, and it had better be good. This time the show on the screen eclipsed all the other displays, and that difficult audience crooned, it cried, it gurgled, it simply fell for "Love Affair." You could hear a diamond clip drop in those long silent scenes; you could hear hearts beat; you could—well, you could see it again and again. The story?—simply two people falling in love and liking it; told with charm, wit, and tenderness.



ICE FOLLIES OF 1939—M-G-M



I wonder if this picture appeals to any but devout Joan Crawford and rabid ice show fans? I am still trying to decide if it appealed to me. I liked some of it, especially the grand ice ballets—the best, if I do say it as shouldn't who likes Sonja Henie herself best of all figure skaters—you or I will ever see anywhere, with the gorgeous Indian number performed so blithely by Roy Shipstad and Bess Erhardt; and the eccentric skating of the incomparably comic Shipstad and Johnson; and—if you gather I am pretty much of a rabid ice show follower myself you won't be wrong. I am not exactly a worshipper at the Crawford shrine but I do think Joan worked hard to give a credible performance. I wish she hadn't worn a Hedy Lamarr hair-do, though. Not very subtle, seemed to me. But then, neither is the heavy story of "Ice Follies"—and a good thing Jimmy Stewart and Lew Ayres, to say nothing of the unique and only Lionel Stander, were around to lend a pleasant lightness to the proceedings. Mr. Stewart had better watch out, though, that he doesn't overdo the folksy touch. No, I don't want him to do a Charles Boyer, but I do think that at times his darned sim-
ple touches dangerously on the moronic. Lew Ayres is fine.



THE STORY OF ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL—20th Century-Fox



SUPER-SUCCESS story told in stirring cinematic terms, here is another screen biography in the great tradition. Necessarily lacking the terrific dramatic impact of a "Zola" or the sweeping power of a "Pasteur," still "Alexander Graham Bell" is a picture to command interest and respect, and worthy of your attention if only because it provides Don Ameche with his finest rôle which he portrays with surprising depth and reassuring lack of that unfortunate flamboyance which has marred so much of his work. For once Ameche drops his master-of-ceremonies flourish for a sincere effort at characterization; and he definitely succeeds in making the tireless inventor of the telephone a noble and even inspiring figure. *Bell's* unflagging devotion to his task, his adherence to principle, and his very warm and human love for his wife provide the background for the absorbing story. The atmosphere of the 1870's has been cleverly realized without seeming intrusion of period "props," and in the graceful costumes of the time Miss Loretta Young is appealing to the eye and, more important, to the intelligence as well; she gives a truly tender and poignant performance as the loyal *Grace Bell*. Henry Fonda—excellent.



COLD grey dawn-mists hang mournfully over Denham Studios when a little green car drives up along the frozen country road. A man jumps out with brown eyes that sparkle gaily as he calls a greeting to the sleepy gateman and waves a salute to the M-G-M lion over the porch. Then he swings down the long corridor to a plain cream door decorated only with a single silver star.

"Good morning, Mr. Donat," says Forsyth the valet. "It's a hot summer afternoon in 1910 today and you are nearly sixty. You can't walk very quickly because of rheumatics and your hair has almost gone."

So handsome Robert Donat sits down before the mirror and spends the next two hours getting ready for another day's work as the lovable schoolmaster hero of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips." In this sweeping screenplay of English public school life, a cycle is covered and *Mr. Chipping*, affectionately known as *Chips*, goes to Brookfield as an impulsive youngster of twenty-two and stays there until he dies a decrepit old man of eighty-three.

All round Donat's dressing-room are carefully numbered wigs and moustaches and wrinkle-plasters, each accompanied by the clothes that belong to a certain year of *Chips'* long life. But on the crowded bureau there is still room for the photograph of a vivid young girl in a little silver frame signed simply "Ella." Bob's red-haired wife gave him that picture for luck six years ago when he played his first film rôle in "Men of Tomorrow" and not for a fortune would the star part with it now.



Donat's greatest screen rôle to date, surpassing even the doctor in "The Citadel," is the lovable schoolmaster in James Hilton's "Goodbye, Mr. Chips." At top from left to right across our pages, you see the remarkable transition he makes from youth to old age. Above, Donat with Greer Garson, who plays his wife in the new film.

As Bob's elaborate make-up proceeds, his own young personality gradually sinks into his screen character. His voice grows thinner, his back seems to bend and he rises with difficulty, sensing *Chips'* incurable rheumatic twinges. When he reaches the set he looks and really feels a sick old man. With the conscientious art of the true actor, he has immersed himself so completely in his rôle that he cannot throw it off again for a moment until he is relieved of its dress and its paint.

This dank winter morning the huge set is delightfully warm with twenty arc-lamps

pouring sunshine over the grey old stone buildings of Brookfield School. All the peaceful tranquility and the ancient tradition of English education has been faithfully captured in the largest setting ever erected in this country. Director Sam Wood is tremendously proud of it. "It cost nearly twenty thousand dollars, and it was cheap at the price!" he says happily as he strolls round watching the workmen plant the last June roses beside the chapel and trim the ivy that twines round the vaulted arch and the secluded cloisters.

Red lamps glow warningly and Bob gathers his flowing black academic robes round him as he walks slowly into "school" across the courtyard with his pupils in their quaint straw hats. These boys are not professional players but have come from real public schools, many from famous Repton where the location scenes were all shot last fall. They began by describing the director as "that awfully pleasant American" (Please turn to page 98)



A Day with DONAT

Spend dawn
to dusk in
England with
Robert Donat
as he makes
"Goodbye,
Mr. Chips." A
SCREENLAND
Exclusive

By
Hettie Grimstead

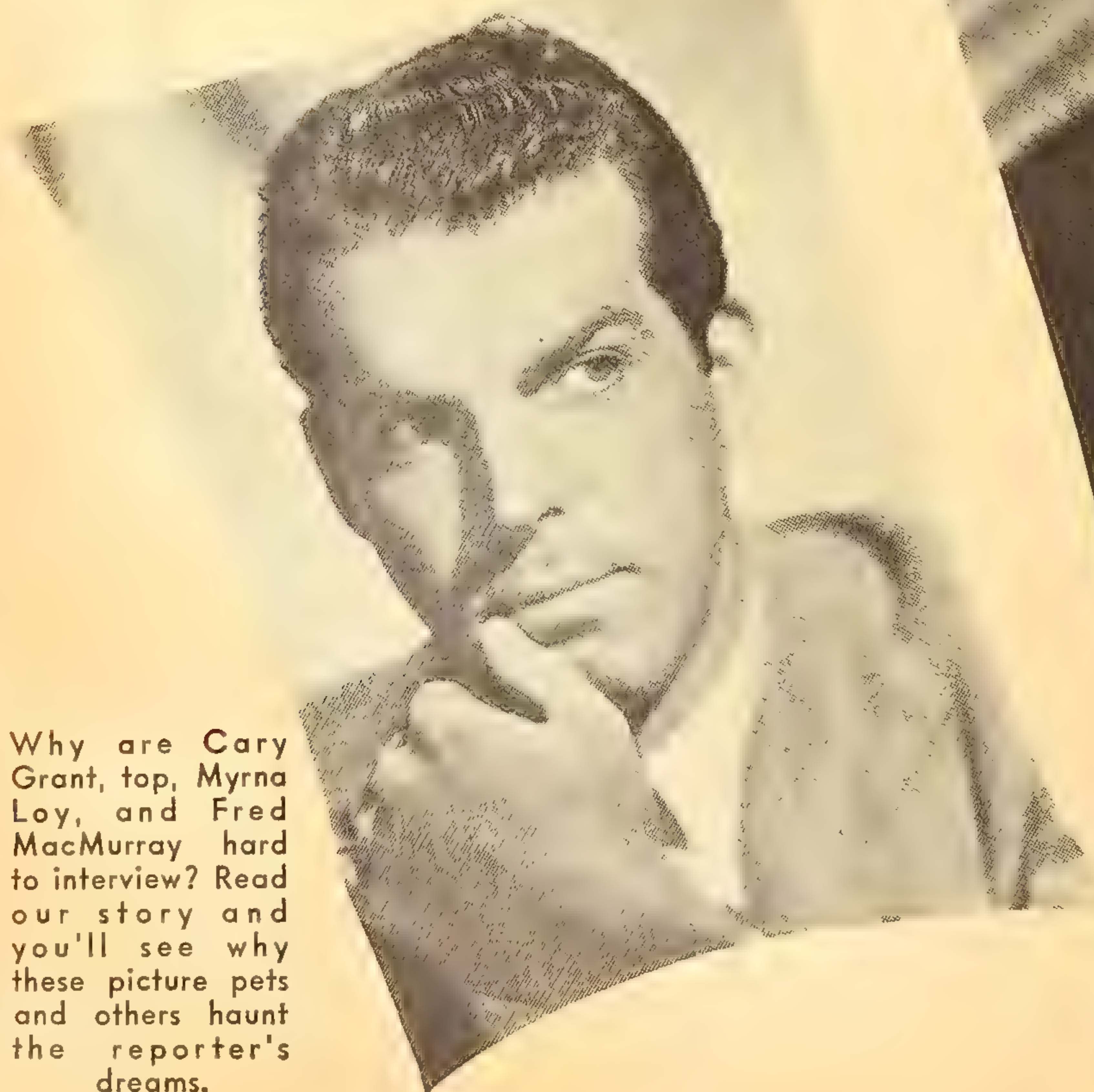


"So You Won't Talk, Eh!"

INTERVIEWING movie stars is sometimes a stimulating experience, sometimes a routine necessity, sometimes a pain in the neck. So are interviewers. Mary Jones may spend two hours with Sylvia Superb and go home to shed salt tears over her typewriter because she didn't get a story. John Doe may bump into Sylvia on the lot and dig up enough ore from a cursory chat to pay two months' rent. The difference lies in the personal equation.

By and large, however, the interviewing regulars know their business. They have to, because their living depends upon it. Those who don't drop out. Yet even an expert wordage rustler receives an assignment with emotions ranging from despair through relief to glee, depending on the subject.

Players may be reluctant to face a barrage of questions for a variety of reasons. Some are inarticulate. Some are so sincerely reticent that they find it painful to discuss themselves with the press. Some are haunted by the bogies of misquotation and misinterpretation, pretty thoroughly exorcised nowadays from the screen magazines. Some feel that the mildest adverse comment, however honestly broached, constitutes an affront. Some turn snooty, once they've achieved prominence. Hollywood has a



Why are Cary Grant, top, Myrna Loy, and Fred MacMurray hard to interview? Read our story and you'll see why these picture pets and others haunt the reporter's dreams.

another girl, who knew about acting, was given the part. My very 'naturalness' was my undoing. I had to learn that to appear natural on the screen requires a vast amount of training, that it is the test of an actor's art. It would be more spectacular," laughed Jean, "could I say that out of the hurt and humiliation of that first failure was born the determination to success, to prove I had the makings of an actress. But it wouldn't be true. That urge came later.

"I spent a few bitter days trying to convince myself all this didn't matter, then I went back to the studio because I was still under contract. Rushing through comedies, and jumping from one saddle to another as

the 'feminine interest' in wild, woolly westerns, I was too busy putting on greasepaint and taking it off, to find out what this acting business was all about. Then came a few good rôles at Paramount, and an association with men and women who loved acting, who were willing to work and sacrifice for it. I caught this inspiration and found myself thrilling with an all-absorbing ambition to become an actress, a *good actress*. With it came a fierce determination to succeed, to let nothing stand in my way. If I could have my own niche in the world of acting, I'd ask nothing more of life. After all, I had been pushed into this, I hadn't sought it, and now, I was willing to fight the world to win. (*Please turn to page 95*)

By
**Maud
Cheatham**

**Give
Her a
Break!**

IS SHE—

- ☐ Mean, or Maligned?
- ☐ Ornery, or Inhibited?
- ☐ Difficult, or a Darling?
- ☐ We Want to Believe the Best of Jean Arthur,
- ☐ So We Give You This Sympathetic Story about Her.



SCREEN
LAND



GLAMOR
SCHOOL

New! Both the
Girl—very lat-
est Hollywood hit
—and the clothes

Edited
by

Patricia
Morison

Patricia Morison from the stage, who skyrocketed to screen success with her first picture, poses in the highlights of her personal wardrobe. Opposite page: romantic evening gown combining wine-colored summer velvet and fuchsia taffeta in a billowing silhouette. See Miss Morison's original Lilly Daché snood of red net covered with tiny bows of red leather. On this page, Patricia wears a bisque-colored tweed suit with trapunto embroidery scroll on the jacket. Her hat is a shiny black straw sailor with high crown and veil.



GLAMOR HIGHLIGHTS:

- ☐ Pirate Hats
- ☐ Bright Plaids
- ☐ Snoods and Scarfs

Patricia Morison shows us, on this page, her favorite topcoat of bright blue and yellow plaid, left below; her pirate hat of bright colored woven straw with peaked high crown, below; and, at left, a romantic hat of burnt toast straw with shallow crown and brim bound with blue chiffon which also forms a scarf.



*Glamor School photographs
of Patricia Morison by
William Walling, Paramount.*



Here's Your Hat!

At least, it's Patricia Morison's pet, and probably will be yours, too, if you can wear silly-but-smart toppers. Maddest hatter of them all is Patricia as she wears this tiny topper of black milan straw with high crown and rolled brim. It sits at a saucy angle on her head and stays on because it is tied by a black net snood which covers her back hair and becomes a chin scarf. This topper and Patricia's other hats are originals from John-Frederics, Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles.

You *Can* Take These With You!

Vacation time will soon be here. Knowing what to take, what to leave behind and how to pack spells a good time, whether for a week-end or 'round the world

By Courtenay Marvin

Above, ebullient Jean Rogers, well turned out for the casual trip. Center, Janice Logan relaxes in a soft, white robe. Below, Lucille Ball, slightly formal, starts for tea at the Ambassador Hotel.



FOR my first tropical cruise, some years ago, I bought special clothes. I packed in a hurried, haphazard manner. At the pier, I realized the special clothes were still hanging in my closet. Too late to do anything about them—and just as well. We ran into a hurricane and the last thing we thought of was clothes. But I learned a lesson for future trips. To pack well in advance with paper and pencil and to follow this plan later in actual packing, as if building a house.

A Big Travel Year is 1939! The East beckons with a big fair and the West beckons with a big fair. Sea, shore and mountains offer romance and adventure, and happy, unexpected week-end invitations pop up at this season. For a day or for months, to go compactly and completely outfitted takes much concern off your mind and leaves it free for the utmost in pleasure. "Getting away from it all" is a wonderful thing, when you actually do get away from it, and not find yourself wondering if your hair needs to be done, how in the world you can manage a manicure, when there's not a beauty shop in sight, or worrying about the undue wrinkles and woes of your clothes. (Please turn to page 84)

Island's Glamour of Vicks

New—these fashions for you!
Yes, you can buy them. See store
directory of where to buy, Page 91

By Marina



Beauty beneath, in a Miss Swank slip of famous fit. That special, patented combination of bias front and back with slim, straight sides does it. Shown is a camisole model for show under sheer blouses and frocks, of Satin Supreme and cobwebby Valenciennes-type lace. Miss Swank comes in other designs, also. Figure accent, fit with comfort and durability belied by its fragile appearance in every Miss Swank you buy! About \$3.



Fair Travel, one of those indispensable softly finished, light-weight felts, for travel or town wear. By tightening that band, you can adjust size to fit any hair-do or whim for comfort. Youthful, classic style and a fair complement for many a costume because it comes in a great variety of gorgeous colors. Beautiful shape, finish and felt and a real "find." This is a Brae-Burn hat. About \$3.

Enna Jettick shod feet will go places this Summer in comfort and beauty. Here is "Inez," open-toed sandal, smartly stitched and perforated, with a just right day-time heel. Broken-in, ready for wear, by hand flexing to remove new-shoe stiffness. In black with wine, all blue, all brown, and white. Cool, comfortable and chic! This model is priced at about \$6.



Flower prints for Summer! Here are partners in prettiness, frock and coat. Over the crepe frock goes a matching coat of chiffon, each designed with similar details—soft bosom, tiny waist, forward skirt fullness through suave fitting and pleats. The scattered flower motif is caught in a large bosom corsage. Exquisite colors—gray, navy, copen and japonica. You can live in this many-occasion outfit through the warm months in comfort and beauty and if you travel from coast to coast, it's easy to pack. Priced about \$15.



CLAUDETTE CONFESSES



**"I want to
chew scen-
ery!" sighs
grand comedi-
enne Colbert.
Want to see her do it?**

**By
Liza**

SEVERAL months ago, though it seems only yesterday, I told you about the day I discovered that Joan Blondell was a frustrated author. Not content with her grand husband, her two lovely children, and her perfectly elegant acting ability Joan would give her eye-teeth if she could write something that somebody would print. Shortly after that I discovered another thwarted pen pusher—the glamorous Hedy Lamarr, of all people. Hedy doesn't give a snap of her fingers for all this glamor stuff, what she secretly wants to do is to write. Imagine wanting to be a Dorothy Parker when you could be a Hedy Lamarr with raven hair and long lashes and men swooning at the very sight of you! *You* imagine it, I can't.

Sometimes I think there aren't any happy people in Hollywood, except me and the dopes and morons who don't know any better. "Is everybody happy?" Ted Lewis used to say at the old Palace in New York. Well, no. Not in Hollywood. The other day while I was wandering around winning friends and influencing people with the power of the Press, I came face to face with another interesting case. The Case of the Repressed Tragedienne. I am sure you will find it interesting. Especially all you miserable and unhappy folks who think that life didn't do right by you because you never had a crack at "Hamlet."

Every Monday night, as you know, Lux Soap puts on a broadcast of an old picture or play in Hollywood with several of the upper bracket stars. Well, it seems, that Lux was losing its Crossley or something, I don't understand about those things, so they wanted to put on the Best. And they don't come any better in Hollywood than Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert and "It Happened One Night." Clark and Claudette and that picture have broken records in every language. Wherever people gather together for a bit of cinema chitchat sooner or later somebody starts a rave about Clark and Claudette and "It Happened One Night." And right here and now I want to take time out to say that I have lost all my respect for the producers of Hollywood because they never followed through with that sensational money-making team of Gable and Colbert. Why, it would have been worth, and still is for that matter, millions at the box office. That's what's wrong with Hollywood. (Get off your soapbox, toots, before somebody slaps you down.)

"It Happened One Night" has never been done on the air before. Clark won't do it without Claudette, and Claudette won't do it without Clark, and Columbia has something to say about it too. I sat there that afternoon perfectly entranced, and so did the audience. When Clark and Claudette came to the (*Please turn to page 76*)

DICK POWELL, no longer under long-term contract, sat in the den of his new Hollywood house, looking at me with serious eyes. The bright morning sun drew attention to how fit and alive he was, such an alive, completely fit man with that vitality and courage you meet only in those who have finally conquered the confusion that plagued them.

We had just begun to dip into what went wrong with him. Very honestly, Dick said, "Now, I know, I have discovered sanity. I know that this is the sure track. I love Joan and the children and they love me. We have time for one another and we have a real home at last. And for my work, I am responsible once more for whether I make the grade or fail. I have been in a fog. I nearly made a mess of my life. But, thank God, I woke up to what I was doing!"

What he was doing and how he has sacrificed to change the pattern of his recent days is untold news. It is difficult to believe right off that he has gone through serious stages of depression. He rose spectacularly enough to film, to radio fame. He obtained wealth. He won Joan Blondell. But behind all this achieving the Dick who has always appeared constantly cheerful has too often been very unhappy. You realized that his career, that success he attained so emphatically, had somehow slowed up. You realized that he had become routine and was slowly, but surely slipping, below the other stars who were progressing, below the other stars who were making better pictures and becoming more popular.

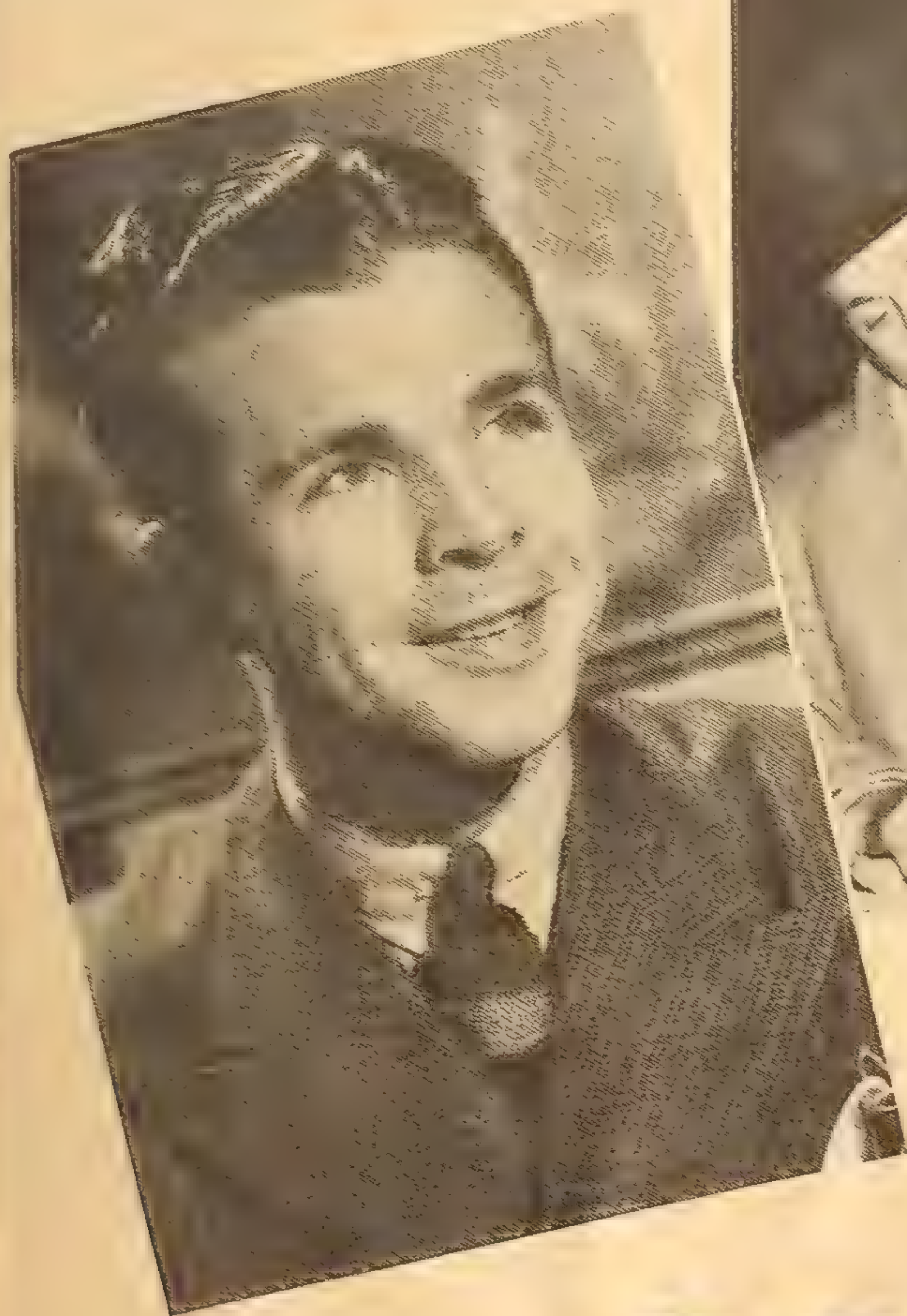
Doesn't look like a man facing anything but a pleasant prospect, does he? Let Dick tell you his troubles—may help you to solve yours. Center, with Mrs. Powell, who's Joan Blondell.

Today Dick Powell is not rated among the "first 10" at the movie box offices, as he was for four years straight. Today, besides, he is a free-lance actor. Which means that he is without the comforting knowledge of a big pay-check rolling in automatically every week. The helpful publicity notes are no longer being shot out from busy Hollywood desks. Now, as a result, he is at his crossroads, professionally. Now he has to be good, and more than good, or else he fades. I think Dick *will* be good. Particularly after what he disclosed. It seems to me he chose the one way to climb to the top again. Certainly he chose the incentive and companionship his new family promised him. What severely dented his success program? What jeopardized all he had struggled for?

The trouble with Dick was that he got mixed up in his sense of values. A singer, a movie actor, a fellow popular with every co-worker, every prop boy on the studio payroll, a fellow who had been idle only four weeks out of the six years he worked before coming to Hollywood and rising so fast, a fellow who had tried young love impetuously, disappointingly, and who resolved to concentrate on becoming rich before he bothered with love a second time, he almost spoiled his chance for genuine happiness (*Please turn to page 86*)

Frank appraisal of popular Powell's present and future

By
Ben Maddox



DOES DICK FACE DISASTER?

Pet Parade!

Here are the winning pictures in the fourth, and final contest in our Pet Picture Contest series. It's been fun for all pet lovers, and fun for us—for we admit we find these pictures more appealing than the most beautiful portraits of Hollywood stars!



"Smile, Please!" (above) wins \$5.00 for B. J. Lane, Regina, Sask., Canada.



"Where's the Fire?" (above) is a \$5.00 prize winner for Robert S. Holzman, New York City. The noble fire dog is one of the few still "working."



Wistful watcher above brings \$5.00 prize to Albin V. Carlson, Milwaukee, Wis.

Another \$5.00 prize winner, right: "Getting Acquainted," submitted by Frank C. Howell, Brooklyn, N. Y.



"Silver Boy" beauty at left gets \$5.00 prize for Dorothy Rivers, Jacksonville, Florida.



RENE DUNNE never talks over her rôles with her husband, figuring it's a task for herself and her manager and one less strain on married life in Hollywood. Joan Blondell, however, figures exactly the opposite way. She wants Dick Powell to read every script submitted to her, and she won't accept a part unless Dick agrees that the story, the director, and the camera-man are right for her. In turn, she goes over every business proposition presented to him. Both systems work—so far!

WHAT'S true about Rudy Vallee's present romantic triangle? He has been courting two girls since coming back to Hollywood to make a film with Tyrone Power and Sonja Henie. One of them is sophisticated Barbara Brewster, a member of 20th Century-Fox's stock company. The other gal is Mary Healy, who's eighteen and as a woman on the lot describes her—"Clara Bowish, but too innocent to know it!" The Healy rise should be encouraging to every would-be, for only a short while ago she was merely a clerk in the 20th Century-Fox exchange in New Orleans. When she applied for the job she had to promise she wouldn't maneuver for a movie contract, because they wanted their typing done and no nonsense. One day the company's Hollywood talent scout hit New Orleans. That night Mary's boy-friend invited her out. She wore a new dress and pinned a magnolia in her hair, and who should seek her for a film test at night spot she was enjoying but the aforesaid scout! Since she was "off duty," Mary felt she could go ahead with her opportunity. So now she has sung Irving Berlin's most sentimental new song, in a big picture, and Rudy, no less, is giving her lavish compliments and plenty of his valuable time.



The Gables at home. Carole and Clark have been living in the Lombard Bel Air house since their marriage and will remain there until the decorators have finished working on the Gable place.

COMEBACKS of the month have been staged by Gertrude Michael, Douglass Montgomery, Isabel Jewell, Simone Simon (in her new French film), Rochelle Hudson, Marian Marsh, El Brendel, Richard Cromwell, Eddie Quillan, Lyle Talbot, Donald Woods, Lupe Velez, and Jack Mulhall. All are working in major studios once again, after bad luck, and Jack Mulhall—once a great hit as a Warner star—has a long-term contract at M-G-M. Stars who would like to be acting, and are only awaiting the right break, include Ramon Novarro, Ann Harding, John Boles, Mae West, and Jon Hall. Mae is cleaning up on her present personal appearance tour, making \$15,000 a week. Jon's been waiting for Sam Goldwyn to make up his mind, being still on the payroll there. John Boles has been doing personal appearances, profitably. Ann's been wintering inconspicuously in Baltimore, where her husband has been conducting the symphony. Ramon has been enjoying private life after a 13-year steady diet of stardom. The other day he decided to learn to ice skate, and you can now see him at the Westwood rink.

WHEN Nancy Kelly went to a play in downtown Los Angeles the other night, one of those informal shows where they serve beer between acts and celebrities are introduced, she was given a big send-off as "Patsy" Kelly. Nancy arose and said she was charmed, she was sure. Her twelve-year-old kid brother having landed a contract as a movie actor, her small sister is now being tested by the studios. Nancy's girl-friend is Arleen Whalen, and when the two step out the sight is sensational. Because Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, and Mr. and Mrs. Whalen go along. That's not all. Nancy has a yen for Tommy Wonder, young dancer, and Mr. and Mrs. Wonder are also among those present. Arleen's admirer (since Richard Greene was boosted to stardom and out of her life) is Alexander D'Arcy, who's bought an interest in La Conga, the popular rhumba café. The gang gathers there. But there is one thing missing in the happy picture—D'Arcy's parents who are, for some reason not known to the writer, not along. It's Hollywood hey-hey, 1939 style.

MOST interested women in Vivien Leigh's *Scarlett O'Hara* are the gals who tried for the coveted rôle, and failed to get it. Did you know that Frances Dee, for instance, was the actress George Cukor considered best for the part? Cukor quit directing on "Gone With the Wind" when he disapproved of the way the production was going. Leslie Howard has been giving Victor Fleming, who inherited the helm, many directorial hints. Right on the set, too. Leslie's suggestions have been followed out even by Clark Gable. Others who were at one time or another almost *Scarlett*: Norma Shearer, Paulette Goddard, Jean Arthur, Joan Bennett, and Miriam Hopkins.



Take them off, Jimmy, we know you! It's Jimmy Stewart dressed for his rôle in "It's A Wonderful World," with Claudette Colbert. Maybe you feel he got a bad fit, but Jimmy likes plenty of room.





KATHARINE HEPBURN claims she's through with Hollywood, but is she? Howard Hughes, they say, financed the play in which she is currently astonishing discriminating Eastern theatregoers, and he has decided to get back into the Hollywood production game. So watch for Katie's screen come-back next fall, and remember we told you. Her last picture, even though she had Cary Grant to help, was a box-office flop, but with a couple of super-Hughes' efforts she may score again. It's been five years since she made her memorable flop on the New York stage, and you must give her credit for studying acting until she could make this present triumph come true. We also predict that when she tries the Coast again she'll be a far more pleasant gal to the press.

INSIDERS know that Paul Muni and Edward G. Robinson are real rivals on the Warner lot. Muni is winning out, for he now has a contract which gives him absolute choice on everything connected with the pictures in which he appears. Robinson was to have done "Beethoven," and being Hollywood's foremost lover of fine music he would have done a whale of a job of it. But Muni gets it. Paul moved from the seaside villa he adored for a season and now lives within walking distance of his studio. He got so far away from it all that he has plunged to the other extreme. There is no competition between these two actors and their wives, socially. The Munis have a horror of Hollywood society; the Robinsons, thoroughly congenial, are perfect hosts.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., is going stag to pre-views these spring nights; he was amazed when Zorina produced a secret husband, and he and Marlene Dietrich are no longer so sympatica . . . Bill Boyd won't use a double, but Gary Cooper and Joel McCrea will—Dennis O'Keefe, now a star himself, once did dangerous stunts for both of 'em. . . . Doug, Sr., is back in Hollywood, again on the verge of producing pictures; he's just had to return a refund granted him seven years ago in an income tax dispute—a neat sum of \$72,186, no less! . . . Frank Morgan has just ridden horseback for the first time since he was a youth, and now he's starting a dude ranch near Palm Springs; he's beaming these days because someone's finally organized a fan club in his honor. . . . Did you know that Mary Boland (the optimist!) is doing Christmas shopping?

Frank McHugh tries to hold the attention of Mrs. Cagney (center) and Mrs. O'Brien, but no luck. Reason: Jimmy and Pat are seated opposite them. Right, Jane Bryan steps out with producer David Lewis. Wonder if those romance rumors about them are true?

YOU won't be seeing Warner Baxter for the rest of 1939. He has completed his long contract at 20th Century-Fox, where he has been the studio's highest-paid star, and he hasn't been feeling so well. He's decided to travel until 1940. Baxter fans need not be too alarmed—he's not through with movies, by any means. But the psychological moment has arrived when a clean sweep seems best, and so he and Winifred Baxter will close their mansion—they really have one that qualifies!—and they'll fare forth to learn what the other half of the world is doing these very hectic days.

NOW Robert Cummings is enjoying that old Hollywood feeling called "rediscovery." After Paramount let him go Bob felt terribly discouraged. He'd gotten into pictures when everyone said he couldn't by going to England and then returning as a self-described renowned British actor. He stuck out his recent lull and his click in the Durbin picture, "Three Smart Girls Grow Up," has won him a shiny new contract with Universal. Consequently, he's finding himself rating as a great guy once again. Bob is still aviation nut number one: he has a four-seater and his wife flies, too. He's been teaching Bill Lundigan, his rival at Universal, what to do with the control sticks. Bill, incidentally, is the newest type of juvenile. He's not worrying about women; he worries about the fate of the world—he has the walls of his bedroom covered with maps of Europe, rather than maps of pretty gals. His desk top is a map of America.

THE most opportunities for discovery, according to Paramount's chief talent scout in Hollywood, are now definitely to be found in little theatre productions. So forget about Broadway night clubs, and beauty contests, and concentrate on delivering in amateur shows! Janet Waldo, Philip Warren, and Robert Preston are new names to conjure with at this studio, and that's where they came from. These newcomers are tomorrow's stars, possibly!

BILL POWELL has regained the thirty pounds he lost, is quite well, and after a thorough rest will team anew with Myrna Loy. . . . You can see the San Francisco World's Fair in the next "Charlie Chan," for Charlie's currently detecting on Treasure Island. . . . Dietrich may be dead at the box office in some people's estimation, but the other night in Hollywood she got more attention from the street crowd than any other star. . . . Now that Elsa Maxwell, society's famed party-thrower, is starring in a movie it won't be long until you'll be watching author Sinclair Lewis act, too! He's putting some of his own cash into putting himself over as an actor. . . . Gloria Stuart's first free-lance rôle was back at 20th Century-Fox, amazing because no one else who's concluded a contract there has been asked back. . . . Robert Taylor is the best risk of any movie star, in the opinion of a leading New York life insurance company—they compared private healths. . . . and did you know that Bob's last name was picked out of a telephone book? . . . Claire Trevor, Ida Lupino are sad because they wanted the lead in "Golden Boy," which Barbara Stanwyck gets. But then Barbara was pretty sad herself a year ago, for she did "Dark Victory" on the air and tried her best to get it produced pictorially; when Warners saw the light they saw Bette Davis in it, not Barbara.

VIRGINIA BRUCE sometimes dresses her six-year-old daughter, Susan Ann, in miniatures of her own clothes. But so far no movie plans are on the fire for the girl. What Hollywood wants to know is if Leatrice Joy will further coach her fourteen-year-old daughter, Leatrice Joy Gilbert? (John Gilbert, once reigning star, was daddy of both daughters, you'll recall.) A year ago the younger Leatrice made her film début in a rôle at M-G-M, where her father was tops and where Virginia is now starring. At that time Leatrice senior, popular in silents, was with her every minute, giving her constant advice. But in spite of a good performance, John's first child has slipped back into oblivion.

ANY GIRL WHO REALLY WANTS TO CAN WIN ROMANCE

MADELEINE CARROLL

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S
"AIR RAID"

**"Lovely skin wins hearts, so
be careful about Cosmetic Skin
— use Lux Toilet Soap as I do"**

CLEVER girls take Madeleine Carroll's advice. Foolish to risk Cosmetic Skin: dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. Use cosmetics all you wish, but use Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather to remove them *thoroughly*. That's what lovely screen stars do! This gentle white soap helps keep skin *smooth, appealing*.

*Is your skin
the kind that
wins Romance?*

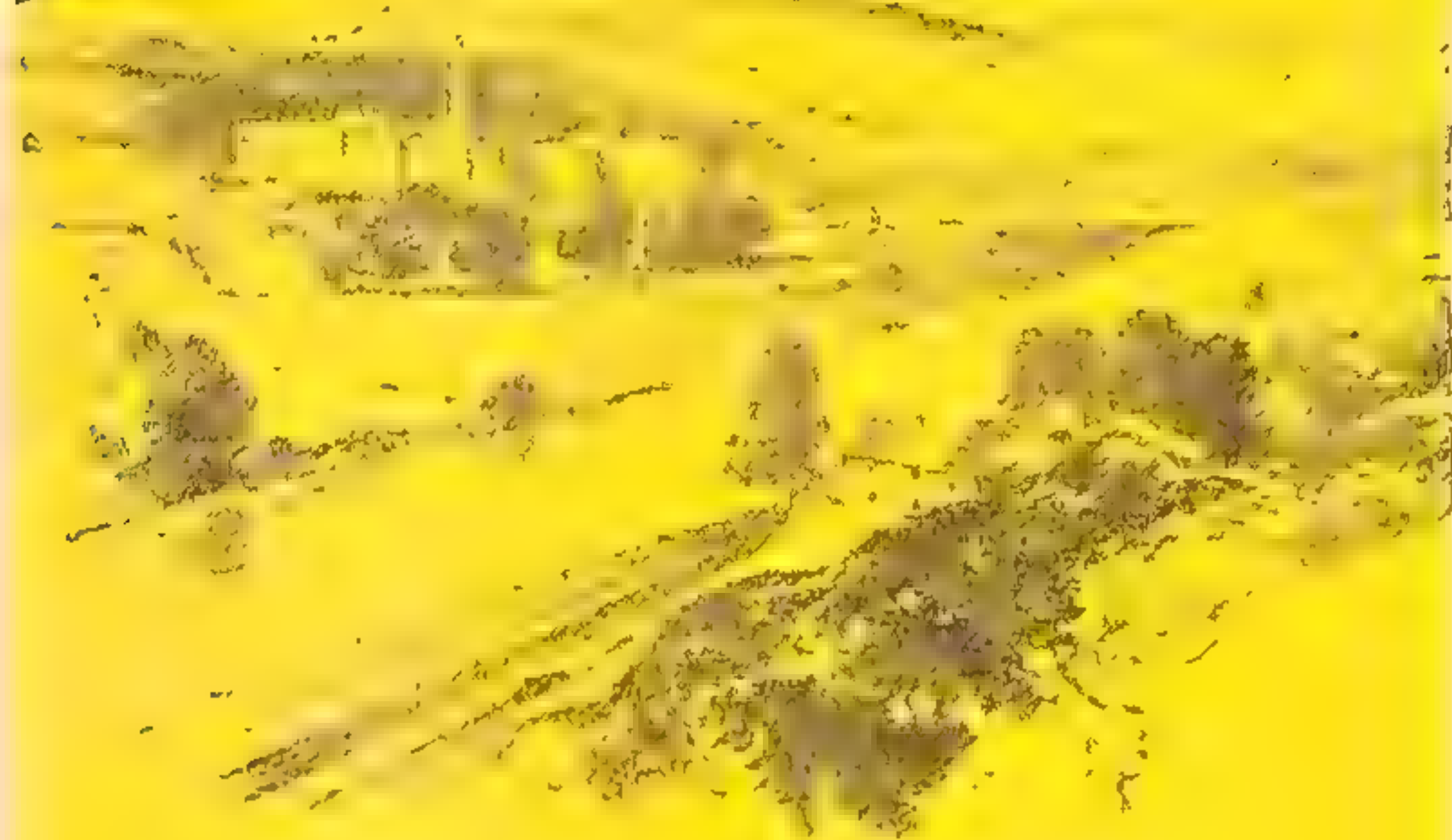


9 out of 10 Screen

Stars use Lux Toilet Soap



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TO CALM HER DOWN"**



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We invite you to visit the Beech-Nut Building there. If you're driving, we would be delighted to have you stop at Canajoharie, in the Mohawk Valley of New York, and see how Beech-Nut products are made.

excellent time to finish old business, and straighten out the distracting things that have piled up in your life. It is coincidental that Norma Shearer and William Powell were both born in your Sign. You will note that in the past two years they have each had grievous afflictions. That cycle is about over at present, and you come under excellent aspects for 1939. If you feel you should make a romantic change, do so, for you may not have attracted the happiness that should rightfully be yours. The 1st, 4th, 8th, 9th, 12th, 16th, 22nd, 27th and 29th, are all favorable days to carry out any plans you may have.

August 23 to September 22—Virgo

Try not to be suspicious or jealous of the one you love at this time. Your stars reveal unsettled romantic conditions for this month. Disappointments may have existed throughout the first part of 1939 for you, and your planets are now preparing to bring you fulfillment in romance or marriage. Garbo was born in your Sign, and her much publicized romance with Stokowski failed to end satisfactorily. However, 1940 holds more happiness for this Sign, and you should begin to shape your destiny this month for the future. Money problems will be solved and business ventures may meet with pronounced success in the next six months of your life.

September 23 to October 22—Libra

This month opens under very fortunate aspects for you. Prepare for surprising changes in all departments of your life. Favorable for real estate, financial adjustments, promotion, dealing with the public, and for romantic decisions. If you have not yet settled on the marriage partner, this month may bring that chance. Janet Gaynor and Carole Lombard are both Librans, and you will note how the romantic destiny of each seems to be nearing complete fulfillment. This month is less confusing for you. Be alert to unusual changes to promote your affairs. The 3rd, 6th, 10th, and 11th, are good for changes and travel. The 1st, 4th, 15th, and 19th are good for business interests, and the rest of the month is fair for usual routine affairs.

October 23 to November 22—Scorpio

You may find more happiness this month than you have known for some time. Your Sign is now ascending to a very high position in the world, and it is time for you to

cash in on this change. You will make business changes, and profit from them. Money will be easier to get than it has been for the past two years. Hedy Lamarr was born in Scorpio, and her recent good luck is a true indication of what is happening to this Sign. Prepare for business changes, and watch the romantic affairs of your life. If you are not yet settled in romance this month holds promise of something definite happening. The good days are the 1st, 5th, 8th, 14th, 20th, 26th, and 29th.

November 23 to December 21—Sagittarius

A vital romantic decision may await you this month. You stand on the threshold of revolutionary changes in your life, and this month marks the inception of that new cycle in all your affairs. Good days for changes in position, or location, are the 3rd, 6th, 10th and 15th. Adverse days in which you must use caution, are the 8th, 9th, 18th, and 27th. The other days are excellent for all routine matters. News may come of important events at a distance, also travel is favored for you this month. Deanna Durbin and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. were born in this Sign.

December 22 to January 19—Capricorn

The obstacles that have stood in your way for some time are removed at this time, and you should be able to progress in your chosen work. Finances will be much better this month. Use caution in all business dealings, however, for you are apt to act in haste or with anxiety. Romantic interests thrive this month, and definite plans may safely be made. Two screen stars born in this Sign are Ray Milland and Anita Louise. They have been sharing the good fortune that should come to Capricorn people at this time.

January 20 to February 18—Aquarius

This month starts out favorably for you in all matters relating to finances, the home, romance and travel. Your ruler, Neptune, gives you an unusual chance this month to promote your business interests. Ask for a raise, or seek promotion this month. In romance choose wisely, and make no immediate decisions for changing the present love affair. If married, there may be some doubt as to the marriage lasting. The 3rd, 6th, 9th, 15th, 21st, 24th and 26th are favorable for all activities. Ronald Colman, Adolphe Menjou and Edgar Bergen were born in the Sign of Aquarius.

February 19 to March 20—Pisces

This month begins with very active romantic aspects for the first half of the month. Venus and Neptune form desirable aspects that may bring into your life unusual romantic conditions, and the fulfillment of your love dreams. If discontented with your lot in life, seek to make changes in this favorable period, for you will be attended by excellent vibrations. The 3rd, 5th, 8th, 13th, 18th, and 27th, are red letter days, marked by some unusual occurrence. The other days are fair for routine matters, and for pursuing home interests. Good for travel, visits to relatives, signing papers, real estate investments, or for buying stocks and bonds. The latter part of the month brings some business change that is good for future development and it is a good time to press all business ventures, and seek promotion and change. Joan Bennett was born in the Sign of Pisces.

Despite the fact that this month's forecast is given here for each Sign of the Zodiac there is a definite reading for every Sign.



Though Jeffrey Lynn is teamed regularly in films with Priscilla Lane, above, it's her sister Rosemary who gets the off-screen dates.

HAZEL-EYED GIRLS, LIKE JEAN PARKER

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THE HAL ROACH
PRODUCTION
"ZENOBIA"

*Find thrilling new
Beauty in*

MARVELOUS MATCHED MAKEUP!



Powder, rouge, lipstick, KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!



ELSA: Seriously, Joan, do you mean you chose that powder by the color of your eyes?

JOAN: Yes, and my rouge and lipstick, too, Elsa! It's an amazing *new* way, and the only *true* guide I've ever found! Try Marvelous Matched Makeup, Elsa! You'll love it!



ELSA: You're proof that it's perfect for *hazel* eyes, Joan! But *my* eyes are *blue*!

JOAN: Whether your eyes are blue, hazel, brown or gray, the makers of Marvelous have blended just the right shades for you! They studied women of every age and coloring—



ELSA: And they discovered that eye color determines proper cosmetic shades, Joan?

JOAN: Yes! And so they created powder, rouge and lipstick keyed to your true personality color—the color that never changes! *It's the color of your eyes!*



JOAN: Marvelous Matched Makeup has already been adopted by stars of stage and screen, debutantes, models! And no wonder! Silk-sifted for perfect texture, the powder never cakes or looks "powdery"—clings for hours—gives a smooth, suede-like finish!



JOAN: And Elsa, for real flattery, just try Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick! Marvelous Rouge never gives that hard, "splotchy," artificial look . . . just a soft, *natural* glow! And Marvelous Lipstick goes on so *smoothly*—gives your lips lovely, *long-lasting* color!



JOAN: With Marvelous, you look lovelier *instantly*! You can get the Powder, Rouge, Lipstick separately (Mascara, Eye Shadow, too) but for *perfect color harmony*, use them all! Just order by *the color of your eyes*! At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each! (65¢ in Canada)



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My eyes are Blue ☐ Brown ☐ Gray ☐ Hazel ☐
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For LOVE'S SAKE avoid LIPSTICK PARCHING

Lips that invite love must be soft lips . . . sweetly smooth, blessedly free from any roughness or parching.

So—choose your lipstick wisely! Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick does double duty. It lends your lips warm, ardent color. But—it also helps to protect lips from lipstick parching.

This Coty benefit is partly due to "Theobroma." Eight drops of this softening ingredient go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. 50¢.

New—"Air-Spun" Rouge. Actually blended by air, it has a new exquisite smoothness, glowing colors. Shades match the Lipstick. 50¢.

New—an exciting fashion-setting shade, "Dahlia." Available in Lipstick and Rouge.



Eight drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.

Claudette Confesses

Continued from page 66

hitch-hiking scene they acted it out before the "mike," and I'm telling you we were rolling in the aisles. That Colbert, I said, she's the grandest comedienne in the world! She doesn't do any of the old comedy tricks—she doesn't mug or take falls (mercy, did you see Ethel Barrymore mugging like Mickey Rooney in "White-oaks"? What is the Royal Family coming to?). She isn't corny, and she definitely isn't screwball. She has chic and beauty to burn, but she certainly isn't one of those camera-hogs. What she is—and you know it as well as I do—is a darned good actress. She gives comedy that certain something. Finesse, I guess I'll call it until I can play some more word games. And she gives out with this finesse better than any star in Hollywood.

When some of these babes get all coy and girly-girly up there on the screen, or start screaming and ranting around (that seems to be their idea of comedy) I get so downright embarrassed for them that I start wriggling in my seat and snapping the clasp on my bag. "Lucky you," I say to myself, "that the audience doesn't razz you right off the screen." I have never had an uncomfortable moment at a Colbert comedy. Of course there was the time when Gary Cooper spanked her in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" and I laughed so hard I popped the zipper on my black crepe and stopped a draught and caught a cold—yes, I admit I *was* a bit uncomfortable then.

Well, when the broadcast was over I picked myself up out of the aisle and hurried backstage to drool over Colbert. It seems that several hundred other fans had the same idea. When I pushed myself in at last I gave out with a gay, "You were wonderful, Claudette! Simply wonderful! How does it feel to be the greatest comedienne in Hollywood?"

Miss Colbert gave me a look. Which I might describe as the most refined dirty look I have ever received. "Don't give me that," she said. "You know me. You can be natural." Some day I'm going to haul off and hit her.

"Listen," I said, already seeing the headlines—Fan Writer Pops Star—"I don't make pretty talk. I meant every word I said. You were wonderful, Claudette. I nearly died laughing. You're the greatest—"

"Look," Claudette interrupted shaking out the folds of her dress, "just exactly two seconds before I had to go out there and face that audience I spilled a glass of orange juice down the front of my dress. Wouldn't you know I'd do something like that! Did it show very much?"

"No, it didn't show at all," I snapped. "And if I live to be a hundred I'll never bother to tell you again that you're a swell actress. You're—you're an ingrate."

"No," said Claudette. "I'm not an ingrate. I'm just a comedienne. A slapstick artist. A laugh-getter. I take falls, and I stand on my head, and I screw my face out of shape, and I get thrown around like a bag of potatoes just so people will laugh. I started out as an actress—but look at me now!"

She pulled up her sleeves and showed me two big bruises on her forearm, nice luscious blue bruises that were well on their way to becoming nice luscious purple bruises. Her knee was skinned beautifully and all wrapped up in adhesive tape. On her legs were scratches painted with mercurochrome, and on her head was a bump, neat but not gaudy.

"Why you have been in an automobile accident!" I shouted. "Claudette, how horrible! When and how did it happen?"

Well, I was gently informed by Miss Colbert, who was painfully trying to put on her coat, that an automobile had nothing to do with it. Neither had she been playing with the Hound of the Baskervilles. She had simply been making a picture. A comedy called, "It's a Wonderful World," with Jimmy Stewart co-starring, and Woody Van Dyke directing. That virile soul, Ben Hecht, wrote it—and he didn't pull his punches. And from the looks of things Claudette was on the receiving end of every punch. "Jimmy's a mess too," she mourned. "He had to fall off the side of a boat today. I only had to fall out of a tree. I didn't land on my feet. And to think my mother raised me to play *Electra*."

"But, Claudette," I insisted, "you're the grandest comedienne in Hollywood. Everybody's crazy about you because you make them laugh. You're right up there among the first dozen in the country's popularity poll. You're an Academy Award winner. Why, you're in a wonderful spot. You don't even have to bother to look like Hedy Lamarr. If you are not content with being Hollywood's most glamorous comedienne what *do* you want?"

"I want to do serious pictures. I want to act. I want to get my teeth into something. But no one will give me a chance."

"You want ——" I began.

"Yes. Go ahead and say it. I want to chew scenery."

Well, you could have knocked me down with a feather. Here I thought Claudette Colbert was deliriously happy way up there on the top of the pile—a spot envied by practically every woman in America—but it seems I was all wet. I was surprised at first. And a little horrified. But I got to thinking it over later and now I am thoroughly torn between two viewpoints. Being one of those people who had no fairy godmothers fluttering around her cradle when she was born I, personally, don't have to worry about any gifts of any kind. But I have always belonged to that school of thought which says, "Tootsie-pie, if there is anything you can do well, for Pete's sake do it. Do what you *can* do and don't worry about doing what you *can't* do." A pretty bit of reasoning, I might say, but it doesn't fit the case of Miss Colbert exactly. Of course I feel that she should be awfully happy because she is so successful at making people laugh. Why make people cry, when you can make them laugh? But then, on the other hand, an actress has to have a bit of show-off in her, or she isn't an actress. And the best way in the world to show off on stage or screen is to play a great dramatic rôle. The Marilyn Millers of the stage are quickly forgotten—the Bernhards, Duses, and Katharine Cornells will be remembered a long, long time. Bernhardt, I bet, was awfully hammy at times, and Cornell I have seen stoop to the corny, but they are great *dramatic* actresses, so that makes everything all right. Every real actress would give ten years of her youth to be able to get her teeth into *Phedre*, *Medea*, *Camille*, *St. Joan*, *Lady Macbeth*, *Monna Vanna*, *Hedda Gabler* and dozens of other so-called "meaty" rôles.

And after all, Claudette is a real actress. Before coming to Hollywood she was a star on the New York stage with the Theatre Guild, and with Walter Huston in "The Barker." Her *Lou* in "The Barker" was the talk of the town for several seasons, and all the critics did nip-ups and predicted that Claudette would in no time at all become a great emotional stage star. Believing what she was told—that producers know best—Claudette did what she was told to do when she came to Hollywood, and what she was told to do was to play "straight." Anybody can play "straight." It doesn't take any talent to do that. Only a pretty face, a good figure, and enough sense to re-

member a few lines. After she had played "straight" to Chevalier, Clive Brook, Eddie Robinson, and Jimmy Durante, Claudette was all ready to pack her bags and go back to Broadway—when along came "It Happened One Night."

"Aha, a comedienne," said Hollywood. And ever since then when a studio gets hold of a comedy they say, "Get Colbert." When they get hold of a nice dramatic picture with a little guts to it they say, "Get Bette Davis. Get Barbara Stanwyck. Get Merle Oberon. Get Norma Shearer. Get Luise Rainer. Get somebody from England, France, Germany, Austria or Italy."

Well, it isn't fair. When Isa Miranda, whom they "got" from Italy, was forced to drop out of "Zaza" last summer Claudette thought that the big opportunity had come at last. So Hollywood thought she could only get laughs, eh?—well, she would show them that she could wring a few hearts. But poor "Zaza." When the Will Hays boys heard what kind of a girl she was they simply parked in droves on the "Zaza" set. Every time Claudette got herself a good mouthful of scenery they said, "Tsk. Tsk. Cut it out." It wasn't Claudette's acting that they objected to, it was the morals of the thing. But all of Claudette's good scenes had to be sacrificed simply because the censors had ideas. Why, Mae West got by with more in one reel than poor Zaza did in the entire picture.

Claudette was pretty sore after "Zaza." It had been her one chance to go dramatic and the censors had ruined everything. "Okay," she said, "bring on the comedies!" She jumped into two of them. "Midnight" is one of the gayest, most charming comedies you'll ever see. "It's a Wonderful World" is also a lot of fun. All the studios are still calling up Claudette with more mad merry comedies. Another "It Happened One Night." Another "I Met Him in

When Director W. S. Van Dyke welcomed Claudette Colbert to Metro-Goldwyn, where he's directing her in "It's a Wonderful World," and where the lion is the studio trademark, he presented her with this seven-months-old cub. It's a comedy murder mystery and her first co-starring picture with James Stewart.



Paris," and another "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."

For a time there Claudette decided what's the use after all—if the public wants her to play comedies, by golly, she'll play comedies. But you can't keep an actress down—not for long. Claudette, the wounds of "Zaza" practically healed, announced the other day that she wanted to play the Tallulah Bankhead rôle in "The Little Foxes." "No," everybody screamed, "why,

that's a mean, nasty rôle. Thoroughly unsympathetic. No one would believe you in it. Bette Davis or Miriam Hopkins should play the part."

Well, what do you think we ought to do about it? Should we advise Claudette to continue with her comedies?

Or should we let the actress in her have a chance at something dramatic? The defeatist in me says, "Give her comedies." The escapist in me says, "Let her chew scenery."

BUCK UP, BOSS! I'M STILL FOR YOU!

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...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!**

✓ "Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth. It helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans enamel—makes teeth sparkle. Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

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PATCH THINGS UP WITH SUE! YOU
CAN--IF--WELL--WHY
DON'T YOU SEE YOUR
DENTIST ABOUT
YOUR BREATH?**

**TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH
COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD
PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA
AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T
CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL
PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE
ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND
THAT'S WHY...**

LATER--THANKS TO COLGATE'S...

**TOUGH LUCK, OLD BOY--BUT YOU'LL
HAVE TO STAY WITH JEFF UNTIL
SUE AND I GET BACK FROM OUR
HONEYMOON!**

**NO
BAD BREATH
BEHIND
HIS SPARKLING
SMILE!**

**MAKE SURE THAT YOUR
BREATH IS OKAY!
PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S
TWICE A DAY!**

**COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM**

**LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE
AS MUCH**

Good Housekeeping
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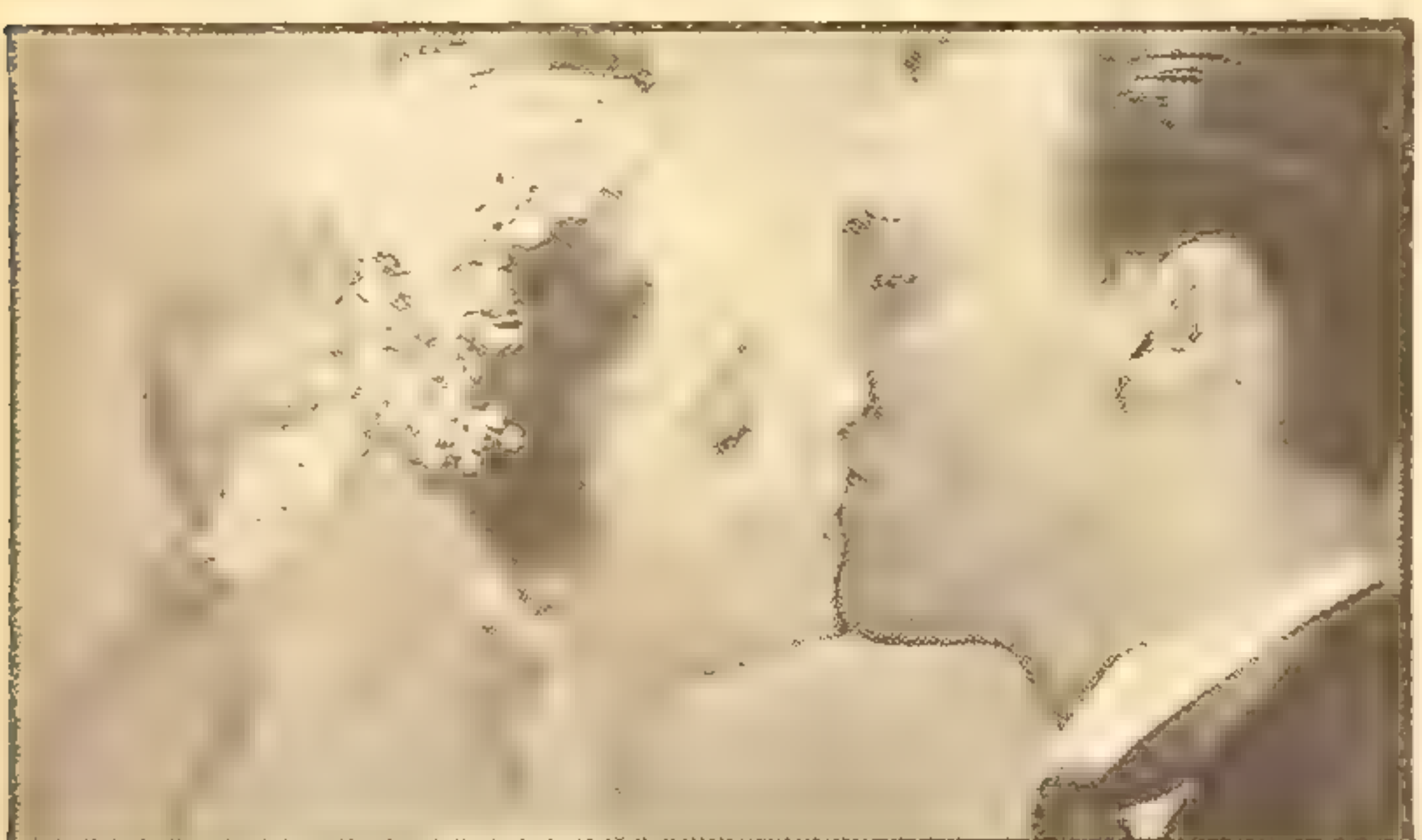
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Can the Martin-Faye Marriage Last?

Continued from page 33

mind; her own mother can't sway her an inch."

"But what about the separation rumors?" I repeated. "Since you've been married you've separated several times. Last year you came East without Alice, and this year, too."

"Alice is joining me next week," Tony said quietly. "The separations are only because of business. We have not separated because of temperament or disagreement since our marriage. Though if you believed the newspapers, you'd think we were constantly on the outs. You know Alice and I gave up reading papers seven months ago because of the Hollywood rumor factory. One Sunday morning Alice and I were lying in bed, very happy. Alice had her arm around me and we were discussing our next trip to the desert for a vacation together. Zella, the maid, brought in the morning papers. In a gossip column was an item: 'Too bad the Faye-Martin marriage has hit a snag. The kids have separated, Alice going to her mother's, and Tony to a hotel.' Naturally, it upset us terribly."

On another occasion when Tony and Alice were dining at a friend's home—they love to eat out—a movie gossip's program was on. "It is rumored that Alice Faye and Tony Martin have split up," he said. "Practically every columnist has been urging us on to a break." And there is such a thing, you know, as having something drummed into you so often you almost get to believe it! "Certainly we are not staying married to fool the papers, but because we enjoy being together. If ever we should break up, there will be no rumors or denials. You will be the first one to know it."

"But where do they get the basis for such rumors?" I persisted.

Tony thought a while. "Unconsciously, we've given them meat for their mill because we aren't together every minute. Alice sometimes dines alone; so do I."

In the first two months of their marriage, the young couple had dinner together just four times. "That's not because we don't want to go out together," Tony explained. "It's because one of us is usually working. And when you work at a film studio, you don't get home till fairly late, and then you're tired and want to rest. When you broadcast, your entire evening is taken up. When we married, we expected all of each other's attention. Never once has Alice given me any cause for jealousy, though she must be alone often. We both wanted peace of mind when we married. And we have that."

I doubted this statement. And I told Tony so. But he insisted that they both had peace of mind.

"You know," I told him, "shortly before Alice married you she said, 'I want a husband. I'm pretty well convinced that I shall not find one in Hollywood. I want some nice man whose career is outside of films. Above all, I think I want someone who will be the boss. Some women seem to be happy running the whole show and their husbands in the bargain. But my man will run the show in our house.' How do you fit the bill?"

"I'm not a Hollywood star, I'm a radio performer," he answered quickly. "When we married we had already established ourselves, and we knew what we were doing. In our home, there is no question of who's the boss. If we had to live on a forty dollar a week income, problems would arise about what we could afford and couldn't; as it is, each of us does as he wants. We never

see the bills; our business manager pays them. And Zella, Alice's maid, runs our home. Since neither of us is extravagant, our income is ample for whatever we want. That's one of the things I like about Alice," Tony continued. "Though she could spend all kinds of money on clothes, she usually buys the dresses that have been made for her to appear in a film. They fit her perfectly, and she can get them reasonably, so why not, is her viewpoint. I buy her jewelry, gifts, and occasionally, a dress."

"But what about the bills?" I persisted. "Who pays them?"

"That's a touchy subject, let's skip it."



Decked out in the newest beach styles, Helen Ericson (left) and Alice Armand join hands "in support" of Lillian Porter, making a cute trio.

But when I persisted, he said, "I pay the bills, except for little things Alice wants to get. She claims her only bit of independence is in buying dresses and little trinkets and gifts. She keeps buying things for me. Last Christmas when, incidentally the rumor factories were working overtime and forecasting our break-up, we had a big Christmas tree. Alice got me a camel hair overcoat, binoculars, gold clips for my shirt; I gave her a diamond wrist watch."

"Sometimes her taste is awful, though I daren't tell her. Recently she came home with green shirts for me. I wore 'em in order not to hurt her feelings, and she phoned the laundry to be sure to lose them in the wash."

"I make as much, if not more, than Alice," Tony volunteered. I doubted the statement very much, for Alice is one of Fox's highest paid stars. While it is true that Tony is a big success in radio, Alice is equally successful in this field. In fact she was so popular on the air that recently she was taken off her program, for the exhibitors claimed when fans could hear her every week free, why should they spend money to see her pictures?

To me, in their careers lies the crux of their marriage difficulty. Though Tony and Alice love each other dearly, and are trying desperately to make a go of their marriage,

riage, I feel that unless Tony succeeds as an actor, their marriage will fail. Already it is a moot question between them.

"At home," Tony admitted, "we never discuss business. We have found the best way is not to interfere with each other's work. We don't try to help each other. One night I tried to help Alice learn her lines, and the next day she blew up in them.

"At the beginning, we'd visit each other's sets frequently. But it created a nervous tension, and now we never watch each other work. In fact, we never express an opinion of the other's work unless it is definitely requested. I wanted to know how I sounded on my last broadcast, so Alice told me frankly, 'You sounded quite well in the song you chose. But I think another type of song would be more suitable for your voice.'

"We've learned to mind our own business since we were married," Tony admitted. At the beginning they felt differently. In their first picture together after their marriage, "*Sally, Irene and Mary*," Tony played opposite Alice. And try as he did, he knew he was pretty bad as an actor. Throughout the film, Alice encouraged him and patted him on the back, trying to build up his self-confidence. And though he was decidedly not a hit in this picture, he would have been worse, he feels, if not for Alice's aid. But a man has pride, and as his moving picture career went down, and Alice's went sky high, I imagine Tony grew self-conscious about the whole business. Now each does as he or she wants, without interference from the mate.

Recently, Tony got his release from Twentieth Century-Fox, though his contract had a year to run. They were willing to make a settlement; he only wanted to be free, for he felt that being cast in grade B pictures did him no good. When Twentieth Century-Fox suggested that he could wait till he was built up, that he needed further experience, Tony, who felt he was ready for a big part, asked for his release. And the next day he was offered contracts by three motion picture companies. But upon the advice of his manager, he agreed instead to make a personal appearance tour, to build up his popularity, and collect the shekels which are rolling in very quickly. For he was a tremendous success at the Paramount Theatre in New York, where he was held over for three weeks.

When Alice and Tony married, they were both game kids. Both had come to pictures via the radio, where they had been successful. Suddenly, Alice was catapulted to fame in the movies, reaching stardom with amazing rapidity. Today she is one of the ten most popular stars in pictures. And, as we know, Tony, who began his moving picture career with equal promise, has had another experience.

Now Alice wants a man who is the boss; someone whom she can look up to and admire. She doesn't want a Mr. Alice Faye. Tony, just as desperately, doesn't want to be Mr. Alice Faye. He'll break his neck to make a name for himself in films, to forge ahead in radio. If he succeeds in making the grade in pictures, or possibly in becoming the outstanding radio singer, as important in this field as Alice is in the movies, I think the Faye-Martin marriage will last. If he fails, I feel Alice will lose her faith in him and there will be no ranch in Encino, no retirement to bind them together. They may have their ranch, as he prophesies; Alice may retire to have children, as she hopes. But on the other hand, she may lose patience and their marriage end suddenly. Personally, I feel he's a nice boy and I hope things turn out right. But I've never heard of a marriage being truly successful where the woman was more famous, unless the husband was a weakling. Which Tony certainly is not.



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Hedy Lamarr's Own Story Continued from page 25

and her cocker spaniel in a leather frame on the living-room table.

The house, low and white, with a porch that runs across one entire side, is on the top of a mountain, nestled in a whole bevy of mountains, and the view is almost as breathtakingly beautiful as Hedy is herself. The private road up the mountain side is pretty frightening if you're a nervous driver (which Hedy isn't, and how she takes those curves!) and you get in second and stay there, and just hope to heaven that Hedy doesn't decide to come down the mountain while you are going up. Hedy has been very busy planting flowers—roses and camellias and hyacinths—much to the delight of Donder.

Donder is a Great Dane with a sweet disposition and is the first present that Gene gave his bride. "I call him Ferdinand," said Hedy, "because he likes to smell the flowers." (I noticed that he also likes to dig them up.) Her other present from her bridegroom, to date, is a sapphire surrounded by a cluster of small diamonds. Jewels are no novelty to Hedy—her first husband, the munitions manufacturer, Fritz Mandl, fairly smothered her in them—but if you could see the pride and love with which she shows you her wedding ring and her engagement ring you can well understand that Gene's two rather simple rings mean much more to her than all the most expensive baubles from Cartier and Tiffany.

Hedy decided on a slender "HLM." Blanche brought tea. And Hedy was ready to talk. Blanche was with Jean Harlow for six years. She is one of the nicest maids in Hollywood and I was delighted to see her again.

"You want to know when I first met Gene?" Hedy in a red and gray dirndl made herself quite comfortable across from me. "It was before I even started 'Algiers.' I saw him at the Clover Club one night and I said to Edie Goetz, 'Who is that charming man?' I met him that night but he seemed gloomy and pre-occupied. When we were alone at the table for a few minutes and started to talk someone came over and insisted that I dance. It seems that every time we met at parties for months after that someone was always snatching me away before we could talk." (That someone, I happen to know, was Reggie Gardiner who was terribly jealous of the beautiful Miss Lamarr.)

Well, Joan Bennett, who was still very friendly with Gene though they had been

divorced several years, heard that Hedy thought her former husband a most fascinating man. So Joan told Gene, "You have made a conquest. Hedy Lamarr thinks you are the most charming man she has ever met." Well, and well, when Gene heard that he decided to do a bit of cutting-in.

"I was so unhappy while I was making 'I Take This Woman.' I worked so hard," Hedy continued. "Every night I would go straight home from the studio and go to bed. I never go out when I am working. Then one afternoon Gene Markey called me and invited me to his home to a dinner party. It was the first time he had called me. But I told him that I could not go to parties when I was working—that shows how determined I was to work hard on that picture, that wonderful picture"—(Ed. note: Hedy can be as sarcastic as the next one at times—at times when she thinks of "I Take This Woman")—"because the thing I most wanted to do was to see Gene Markey. Then Gene said, 'Couldn't I see you sometime?' 'Yes,' I said. 'When?' said Gene. 'Saturday night,' I said. And I have seen him every day and every night since!"

I'm afraid, young men of America, and all you college boys who want to get marooned on a desert island with Hedy Lamarr, that it was love at first sight. They dined together. They danced together. They read together. They wrote together. (Hedy has a secret ambition.) And Gene became the most envied man in Hollywood. You can well imagine. Why, every man in town had been trying to get a date with the glamorous Lamarr. But before Mr. Markey's entrance, Hedy the Beautiful hadn't paid much attention to *l'amour*. Reggie Gardiner she liked a lot, but she only considered him a very close and amusing friend. Her disinterest in men is rather well illustrated by a joke they used to tell about her on the studio lot. "Hedy Lamarr on the 'I Take This Woman' set," so the joke went, "is like a WPA Project. The men stand around watching but they don't get any place."

"Gene and I were coming home from a party about two months ago," Hedy continued. "When we drove up to my house in Beverly Hills I said, 'Please, Gene, drive me around the block. There was so much smoke at the party I want to get it out of my lungs before I go in.' We drove around again—and again—it was such a beautiful night. Then Gene suddenly stopped the car,

Now that Mary Beth Hughes has made her film debut, we'll be seeing her infectious smile as a regular thing.



looked at me, and said, 'Let's get married.' And then the weirdest thing happened. It was wonderful. Just as he said 'let's get married' I saw a comet—is it a comet you call it?—a dazzlingly brilliant comet flashed across the skies. 'Wish, Gene,' I said, so excited. 'Quick! Make a wish,' 'I wish for you,' said Gene."

Hedy feels that the comet was a good omen, and means that she and Gene will find great happiness in their marriage. Hedy is thoroughly in sympathy with the theory of astrology. Born on November 9 under the sign of Scorpio she will tell you that seven is her lucky number. Her address on Benedict Canyon has two sevens in it. Her telephone number adds up to seven. And she moved in her new home on the seventh of the month. Why, it's a cinch.

Hedy and Gene don't believe in long engagements so they decided to marry in the late spring or early summer, in hopes they could get away from Hollywood at that time on a honeymoon. But one night Hedy arrived at Gene's house for dinner, and the usually very ebullient Hedy was quite dejected, "They want to put me into 'The Women,'" she said. "And they are talking of re-making 'I Take This Woman' when Spencer Tracy gets back. I suppose we'll have to postpone our marriage indefinitely. We'll never get to move into our sweet little home."

"No," said Gene, "we *won't* postpone it. We'll get married tonight. We'll elope!"

He phoned the Mexican consul to make arrangements for him. Hedy rushed home and packed a bag. Gene picked her up at ten-thirty and without calling anyone in Hollywood they were off for the border—laughing and giggling like a couple of children. They arrived in San Diego about two in the morning and went to a hotel there to spend the rest of the night. By that time the Press was hot on their heels. Early the next morning they drove to Mexicali, Mexico, and were married there at the Court House with Gustavo Padres, Mexican consul at Calexico, and Jimmy Alvarez, Mexicali tavern manager, as their witnesses. The ceremony was in Spanish and both Gene and Hedy, an American and an Austrian, did all right with their "Si."

"I was so excited," Hedy continued, "my head was in a whirl. Reporters and photographers seemed to pop up out of the ground. And so many Mexicans crowded around. A woman reporter gave me three flowers for my bridal bouquet. Wasn't that sweet of her? I hadn't thought of a bridal bouquet, why, I couldn't even think of my name! The flowers were—they were like this—(Ed. note: Whenever Hedy can't think of the English word she wants to use she draws you a picture. And so good is her drawing that you catch on immediately.)"

"Phlox," I said. And Hedy continued, "We didn't have a ring, of course, so Gene slipped his seal ring on my finger and I almost dropped it in the excitement. After the ceremony we had lunch—I celebrated with cake—and then we drove on to Coronado, to that beautiful hotel by the ocean. We sent funny wires to our friends from there."

They moved into their honeymoon house on the mountain-top a few days later. Gene had to return to the Twentieth Century-Fox Studio, where he both writes and produces pictures. And Hedy had to return to Metro for those never-ending tests. One of these days they'll get that honeymoon. "We shall be very happy, Gene and I," said Hedy as I was getting ready to leave, "because we want each other to have perfect freedom."

I don't think the Markeys are going to need all those lucky sevens because it looks like a perfect set-up without them.

A "Neglected" Wife is almost always guilty of **ONE NEGLECT***

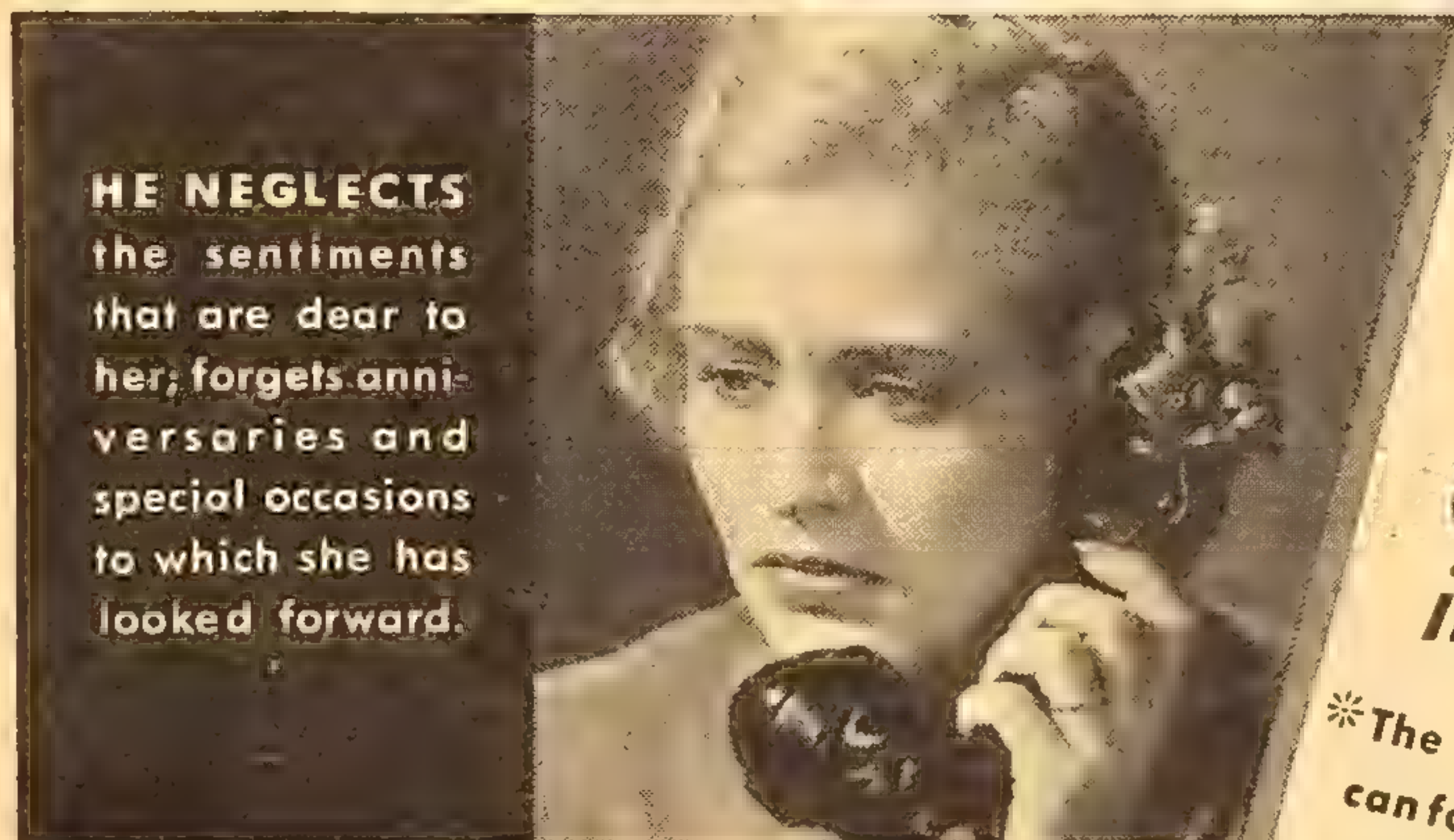


HE NEGLECTS her pride, and often embarrasses her by admiring other women; making comparisons unfavorable to her, sometimes in public.



HE NEGLECTS to kiss her good-bye, and never shows the little signs of affection which mean much to a wife.

HE NEGLECTS the companionship they used to have; shows no interest in her daily problems and plans.



HE NEGLECTS the sentiments that are dear to her; forgets anniversaries and special occasions to which she has looked forward.

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NEET Just Rinse Off
Unsightly Hair



Sex-Appeal Kid

Continued from page 27

almost purring—that's *it*. He has a very *strange* voice. And a man's voice means so much. Both he and Spencer have funny voices. And I don't mean funny in the comic sense. I mean that they are voices that stir the senses.

"There's never a man in the world who's attractive to women who isn't a man's man, too. Jimmy is a man's man. On the other hand, he has a terrifically soft, sweet side to him. There is probably nothing so obnoxious as the man who is 100 per cent male, the Big Bruiser type; nothing more revolting than the pussy-cat woman who is 100 per cent female. Jimmy is the Male—with undercurrents. It's in the way he looks at you, too, for when he looks at you, you know that he is taking a terrific interest in you. But no sooner do you feel all soft and flattery because of this then you realize that he also takes a terrific interest in everyone and in everything. Immediately you are piqued. The huntress in you is aroused, wings and talons, tooth and nail. You would like to snare that interest for yourself, narrow it down to yourself—and *you know that you never can*. There is a quizzical something about Jimmy, a terrific sense of humor, a humor touched with a woman's compassion for suffering, edged, too, with the Satanic. Fiendishly provocative, this. You know that he is thinking, always, 50,000 more things than he is saying, or ever will say. And when he says something to you, you have an idea that he may be meaning anything but what he is saying. Jimmy doesn't pay compliments. If he does, it's never the ordinary, usual compliment. You know that he could be cruel, but wouldn't be. You know that he's a very tender, considerate guy, that no hands would be more gentle picking up the pieces of a heart; as a lover, you sense, he would be divine.

"He's so un-obvious," concluded Bette, "this is my definition of the Cagney sex-appeal, if you can make anything of it. I can't. That's why he has it!"

Ann Sheridan, looking like a portrait which would put the boys in the Hays Office on the spot, torn between being Men and being Mentors, answered my question as follows: "Most of Jimmy's sex appeal is in his voice. It's so *intimate*, his voice. It seldom, if ever, says the things you'd like to imagine it saying, but you keep on imagining. A woman always feels that he is talking to her, to her and to nobody else, even though there may be seven other people present. There's *implication* in Jimmy's voice, and in his eyes.

"Jimmy has a pair of very wicked eyes, ever notice that? Well, *I* have. That's part of the appeal, a great part. And it's the way he walks, it's because he can't be still. Even his eyes are always going, to right, to left, looking behind him to see who's there, it's in the way he has of making you feel that he knows a lot more about you than you have ever told him, than he could *possibly* know, it's in his shy, sly smile, it's in the clefts in his cheeks when he smiles, it's an animal magnetism which is the definition, an animal magnetism with which a person is born and which cannot be acquired. That's it, Jimmy's appeal is *not* acquired. He had it, I am sure, when he danced on the sidewalks of New York, when he wrapped packages in Wanamaker's basement or whatever it was, it was born in him, it's in his blood, in his bones. He can't escape it—and neither can you.

"He's always so darn sweet, so very polite. One of the most courteous men I've ever met. You don't expect this courtesy from him, before you meet him, and when you meet up with it, you are fascinated.

He isn't the too-familiar type, either. He doesn't call you 'Toots' the first day he meets you. He takes a bit of knowing himself and expects other people to take the same. The first day I met him he called me 'Miss Sheridan.' The second day he was calling me 'Annie' and on the third day he called me 'Baby.' He calls every girl Baby sooner or later. And you know that he does. And yet he has a way of saying 'Baby' that no other man under the sun *ever* had." Ann gave a slight, delicious shudder, she said, "It gets you!"

"It's the compliments he pays you, so rarely, he'd never say 'you look gorgeous' or 'gawd, but you're beautiful!'—nothing so run-of-the-mill as that. He'd say, 'swell thing you've got on there, Kid'—and you'd get a spinal thrill which not all the gaudy compliments of other men could ever give you. He said to me one day, 'you have a damn nice hair-line, Annie. First thing I noticed about you was your hair-line'—now who but Jimmy Cagney would ever think of saying just that?

"In 'Angels With Dirty Faces' I had a scene where I had to slap him. I had trouble with that scene. Maybe he'd roused the Mother in me—whatever it was, I couldn't get that slap so it satisfied the camera. My heart wasn't in it. After about fifteen takes, he had a pretty sore face and I was fit to be tied. And just when I was about to ask the studio to release me from my contract and wire the folks in Texas that Annie would be living there again, Jimmy took me off the set and rehearsed me, showed me how to walk up to him, showed me how to slap him and I mean *slap* him; and we got the scene and he wore blisters for five days. When you're working with Jimmy, and if you have lines to say which aren't right, he'll work to change your lines as much as ever he'd work to change his own. He may be little in stature, as men go, but he's *big in spirit*, as *few* men go! That's Jimmy."

"Before I met Jimmy," Rosemary Lane told me, "I didn't think I'd like him very much. I imagined he would be *really* sort of tough, wise-cracking, hard-boiled, as he is in pictures. When I met him he was so sweet and so very sort of shy and yet not shy at all, if you know what I mean, and so intellectual and all. He can talk about *anything*. He can talk about politics, books, the sea, humanity and its wrongs, economics, all sorts of *huge* things. And women, I think, stand in awe of a man who knows so much. And to feel awe for a man is to feel a very strong attraction, too. Of course, I think small men are more appealing to women than Tall, Dark and Handsome ones ever are. I don't know why, they just *are*."

"When Jimmy and I started to work together in 'The Oklahoma Kid,' he teased the life out of me. We'd do close-ups, our heads glued together, and I'd catch him staring at me, just staring and staring. I finally said to him, 'What in heaven's name is the matter with me? Why do you stare at me like this?' And he answered, 'Don't you ever blink your eyes?' He *would* say something like that, I know now, something no one else would think of. But then I thought that maybe he was a touch strange, and I said, soothingly, 'Why, I don't know, don't I?' 'No,' he told me, 'and I think you'd better, now and then, looks sort of cute, you know, to see a girl's lashes sweeping her cheeks occasionally.' I went around for days blinking like mad!"

"Jimmy would never run after women. He is not the type who would *ever* run after women. He never misses a trick but he takes all the tricks, sitting back there and just watching. He's so very quiet at times that he does something to your imagination, you wonder and wonder what he's thinking; his very quietness is *stronger*

han all the noise and antics of other men. Sometimes you'll be sitting in a group with him and everyone will be talking and he won't be listening; you could swear he wasn't hearing a word, and then he'll come out with something which proves that he's heard every syllable of every word and is five jumps ahead of all of you.

"When his eyes look at you, they hold your attention, they look right through you. And his quiet voice compels your attention as a loud, blustery voice could never do. It's so *important*, you feel, to get every word that Jimmy says.

"His eyes contradict his voice, I think. For his voice is gentle and, as you've said, almost *purry*, while his eyes are bold and challenging. A very curious thing about Jimmy just occurs to me—when you spoke of the color of his hair, his eyes, his eyelashes and all, I realized that *I have never known what color his eyes are*, or what color his hair; I never realized that he has freckles. This means, I think, that his attraction is independent of features, it doesn't matter what he looks like. You know, I've watched his wife watching him on the set—and she's spell-bound! I don't know just how long they have been married, several years, I think, but whatever the length of time, he fascinates her. She'll whisper, 'Isn't he *wonderful*?' She hangs on every word he says, as we all do.

"Jimmy is, I think, all kinds of men in one. He loves music—now, you wouldn't expect Jimmy Cagney to love music, somehow. But he does. He even takes music lessons. While we were making 'Oklahoma Kid,' Jimmy and Donald Crisp and I used to sing songs all the time, off the set, all kinds of songs and always at Jimmy's request. Every day Jimmy would ask me to sing 'A-Tisket, A-Tasket'—he was mad for it. To see him dancing around, in leather jerkin singing 'A-Tisket' was one of The Sights!

"You just feel all sorts of potentialities in Jimmy. He could be kind, he could be cruel, he could be hard, he could be as sentimental as a lace paper valentine. I know that I would hate to have him mad at me, the look in his eyes if he hated you or felt contempt for you would probably kill you. He is so utterly unlike the things he does on the screen and yet, is he? You ask yourself questions about Jimmy Cagney. The more you get to know him, the more questions you ask, and they are never quite answered—and so you never leave off thinking about him!"

Said Glenda Farrell, in her best political platform manner, "James Cagney, Esquire, is the most *vital* man I've ever known. Physically vital, mentally vital, emotionally vital. That says it all, really. And his is a special kind of vitality. Great, rough-hewn men who heave boulders around like so many marbles are one thing, that's not Jimmy's brand. Jimmy moves with grace. His walk is cat-like. He's smooth. He's suave. Characteristics which do not go, ordinarily, with such a terrible vitality as his. Because for all his grace and smoothness and suavity there's a terrific suspense behind every movement and gesture. He speaks more quietly, more gently, than any man I know, and yet there is a quality of force and magnetism behind every word he utters. I believe that I could be in a group of silver-tongued orators, thundering and haranguing away, and Jimmy could whisper something and it would be Jimmy I'd hear, Jimmy I'd pay attention to. I can only say that if Cagney were lined up with ten men, all ten wearing Arrow collar profiles and Greek god torsos, *I'd see only Cagney*. Need I go on? Indeed, *should I*?"

"It's this way with Jimmy," Joan Blondell told me, "even when he bats you around, throws a grapefruit in your face—my face, if you remember—you know that

he'll make up for it. You know that in Jimmy is the power and the strength to make you suffer, physically, emotionally, in any way he might choose to inflict suffering. You are *afraid of him*. And whether it be perverse or not, women are always attracted to the men they fear. On the other hand, you also know that he holds his strength in leash. You know that he can dominate you but that he can, also, dominate himself. And I don't believe there's any way for a man to be more attractive than this way, which is Jimmy's way. It's the strength you feel in him, strength to meet any situation, anywhere, any time. If you were lost at sea with Jimmy, stranded on a desert island, come the Revolution, in a moonlit garden making love, Jimmy would Take Care of Everything, Jimmy would be the Master, the dominant factor, the Leader, and with the strength there is the tenderness. Jimmy would never hurt anyone's feelings; even if he broke your heart he'd make it all right, somehow, in some way. He gives to women the thrilling sense of danger, yet the danger is tempered by a sense of confidence, too, a sense of *comfort*. If he hurt, he'd help; if he caused suffering, he'd salvage the wreck. It's the *excitement* of the opposing forces within him, the danger and the tenderness, yes, I think my definition of Jimmy's appeal is the word 'excitement.' He is excitement!"

So, I was right after all. My girlish dreams were not off the track, the pink hair, white eyelashes, freckles are NOT the "points" which add up to the Cagney sex-appeal. His walk, his purring voice, his wicked eyes, the things he doesn't say, well, the girls who know him best have given us the real points. I'll leave it to you to tabulate them, see what you get; see whether you agree or disagree with Bette and Ann, Rosemary, Glenda and Joan.



Glamour BEGINS WITH BEAUTIFUL EYES

It was reported in New York newspaper headlines: "Men Look First At a Woman's Eyes"! But do they always look *twice*? Just try this and see —

Blend Maybelline Eye Shadow lightly over your eyelids to give your eyes exciting depth and brilliance. Use the perfectly pointed Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil to form graceful brows. Now Maybelline Mascara for the thrilling appearance of longer, dark curling lashes. No fear of unbecoming smudges. Maybelline stays on perfectly—is harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting.

"Glamor-ize" today with genuine Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Attractive purse sizes at all 10c stores.

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS



Maybelline Eye Shadow in six flattering shades—Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet.

Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Shades — Black, Brown, (and Blue for eyelid liner).

Maybelline Cream-form Mascara (easily applied without water). Black, Brown, Blue—75c.

Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in gold-colored vanity, 75c. Refills, 35c. Same shades.

TIP FROM CUPID



A Light Touch

is the right touch
in face powder



LUXOR

"Feather-Cling"

The face powder that sits
lightly—stays on smoothly

There's no invitation to romance
in a heavily over-powdered face.
So choose Luxor "Feather-Cling,"
the face powder with a light touch.
Luxor is a delicately balanced,
medium weight powder that sits
lightly, stays on smoothly. In five
smart shades, 55c. For generous
size FREE trial package, send
this coupon.



Luxor Ltd.
Chicago, Ill.

I want to try Luxor "feather-cling" Face
Powder. My favorite shade is Natural . . .
Rachel . . . Rachel No. 2 . . . Brunette . . .
Rose Rachel (very popular) . . .
Send my free trial package to

Name
Address State
City (This offer not good in Canada)

Brunette vs. Blonde?

Continued from page 31

and Di for Diana.) Now it depresses her
and in a few weeks will be done over in
warm gray and daffodil yellow.

So much for the physical aspects of the
change in her. They are interesting but
relatively unimportant. What counts is
what has happened to Joan herself. The
inner changes are the ones which have
given a new Joan to her friends and asso-
ciates and will, I think, give a new star
to the movie fans. Watch for her in "The
Man In the Iron Mask" which she will
make soon with Louis Hayward and see
if you don't agree. Anent that, Joan has
a neat little triumph to crow about were
she the crowing type; darned few blondes
I know could come through a de-bleaching
process with *more* character in their faces
than before. Inevitably when you take away
their spectacular crowns of golden glory
you end up with a nice big zero.

Chief among the facets of her new per-
sonality as others see her is her new quiet
poise of a gentlewoman. Not only does she
belong behind the tea table in a gracious
drawing-room, but she *looks* as if she be-
longed there. There is an intimate, fem-
inine quality of softness about her now
which is the prime attribute of all great
ladies. She is friendlier, too, and easier
to approach. She was friendly before, yes,
but somehow you felt it was an indifferent,
casual thing that didn't really matter much
one way or the other. She sensed that too,
and fought against it, for by instinct her
heart is as big as all outdoors. It was just
that people couldn't seem to get through to
her or crack the brittle shell which warned
you away in some strange fashion from
trying to encroach upon her own private
little world. She has become an excellent
conversationalist, capable of expressing in
full and honest words the thoughts that so
long were locked behind the gates of a
self-consciousness that bordered closely on
a fear complex. As one fan pointed out, she
always has had a "brunette voice" (a per-
fect description, isn't it, of that surpris-
ingly low and throaty quality of hers?)
and now it is in keeping with her personality.

"Perhaps that was why a roomful of peo-
ple suddenly would look startled beyond
words when on rare occasions I would find
the courage to 'speak up in meeting,'" Joan
chuckled. "A calm brunette voice com-
ing from a dizzy blonde would be some-

thing of a shock. Or maybe it was the
incredible idea of a dizzy blonde *having* a
thought!"

Most satisfying to herself of the changes
she has noted is her new assurance, Joan
said. "And I think I know where I got it,"
she went on. "I always felt so conspicuous
with that mop of blonde hair that it robbed
me of a good deal of self-respect I might
otherwise have had. You cannot have as-
surance without a nominal amount of self-
respect. Now I'm no longer conscious of my
hair any more than any other part of my
body. At least when I look in the mirror
nowadays I don't feel so much like saying
'I think you're a fright!'"

She is conscious of a new adventurous
spirit. Where before she was content placidly
to obey the dictates of custom and usage,
she now is driven by sly urgings to take
chances, gamble on things, try her wings a
little beyond the horizon of yesterday. Once
it was enough to meet life; now she chal-
lenges it. And finally, there is her new
"umph!", that all-important quality in a
woman be she blonde, brunette, or redhead.
If darkening her hair hasn't increased Joan's
sex attraction, a lot of men have been dial-
ing her number for the sheer fun of playing
with a telephone.

Joan admits to feeling this new power
within her. Modestly she does not claim to
possess it, but she does say she feels more
"aware" of herself as a woman and has
noticed an exciting response from men as
result. "As nearly as I can describe it, it
is as if a high wall around me suddenly had
crumbled and I was free of all the little
artificialities that were keeping me impris-
oned in a self I neither liked nor admired."

All this and more because of four min-
utes' time and a \$15.00 pot of dye! It's
darned near black magic!

"Only one thing hasn't changed about
me," Joan said. "Melinda and Diana, my
daughters, still bound the meaning of my
life."

I might add one other constant. She's
still as late as ever for appointments and
we go on forgiving her!

You Can Take These With You

Continued from page 64

Where you go and what you intend to
do, of course, decide your type of ward-
robe, but pictured are two outfits that serve
many needs. Jean Rogers steps blithely
onto these pages in an outfit that goes many
places, a dark sheer wool or crepe dress
with a pastel wool jacket. Especially for
car or boat is this good. A casual felt hat,
pouchy bag, open-toe pumps and gay ban-
dana complete this outfit. Lucille Ball is
shown, dressed for tea at the Ambassador
in Hollywood, but for tea any place, for
dinner, luncheon or anything except dress-
up occasion, here is a versatile outfit. Her
frock is a Paisley print in bright colors
which means you can wear a variety of ac-
cessories, such as colored gloves or bag
with it. The top coat is sheer black wool
with sleeve and neck facing of white pique.
Worn with white gloves and bag, it has a
smart, crisp look. For more practical oc-
casions, such as travel, you can remove the
white bindings; substitute a dark bag and
gloves, and also look chic. Lucille's hat is
black straw and her pumps are open-toed.
Janice Logan is wearing the type of robe
essential to trips. It is white, tailored, a
real garment. You may admit a waiter in
this robe, if you want breakfast served in
your room. You may scamper down the
hall to the bath, if you are week-ending
knowing you are well "dressed"; you may
wear this to the dressing-room of your



Joan Bennett as the brunette MARIA
THERESA in "The Man In the Iron Mask."

Pullman, or receive the girls in a hotel room, looking smart, pretty, yet informal. This type of robe, well-made in terry cloth, is also smart and practical for beach wear.

A few fashion thoughts are: Fishnet scarfs. Blend two dashing colors. Use as neck scarfs or drape into a turban for your hair. The turbans will be very popular. Wonderful in a car, on deck, or the pastels make you look romantic in a cotton dinner frock. Also the knit turbans and saucy little affairs that fold and pack like a handkerchief. A bright, waist-length loose jacket, for wear over day frocks or evening gown. Interchangeable strands of beads. You can adjust these to the color accent you want. When buying new clothes, you had just as well ask for wrinkle-proof, crush-proof fabrics. There are plenty of these, and they help you keep that crisp look. By all means put in your bag a box of soap flakes and a gum eraser. You will want to keep those stockings fresh nightly, and for travel you may find that light, mesh underwear ideal. You can wash it like a stocking, dry and don! The eraser is marvelous for spots on light gloves, bag, or hat headbands. A rubber sponge makes a wonderful cleaner for suede shoes, bag or for dusting off your coat. Queer companions, these, but very useful.

For your personal beauty, here are tips. If you like to bathe in a billow of suds, carry a full size cake of soap with you. The hotel soap slivers are not very generous. Or there are those wonderful bath mitts, impregnated with soap. Slip them on the hands, rub yourself in a suds. Powder mitts come, too, if you like the softness of dusting powder but don't want to carry your big box. The mitt contains a quantity of fine powder. Simply slap it over your body. Very flat and easy to carry. If you want your big box, however, there's one in which powder and puff are separated. This powder is skin-tone, not white. In the way of de-



The fact that Evelyn Keyes resembles Olivia de Havilland was never noticed until this very striking portrait of the fascinating Evelyn came along.

odorants, saturated pads, cream or the deodorant powder compacts prevent danger of spilling liquids. For keeping your curls in good order, there's a cunning net cap, shaped like an aviator's flying helmet. Press your hair in order, slip on the cap, and you look sweet and neat as you say good-night.

If you have a fitted travel bag, listen to Rosemary Lane, who has spent half of her young life making sleeper jumps: "For protection against spilled liquids, I fasten oil paper and rubber band caps over all bottles." You will find, however, that many

of your favorite creams and lotions are packaged for travel, from every inexpensive but complete kits for week-ends to luxurious affairs. There are some smart kits that substitute for handbags, and there is a manicure kit from which you remove the center and have a lovely bag, also. Saturated skin cleansing pads are a boon. Rapidly you can remove old make-up, replace new. They are wonderful quick cleansers and leave the skin with a slight make-up base. In compact form to fit your purse. Coordinate your make-up. Either buy a complete ensemble or collect your aids in one of those silk kits for your purse. Use a protective powder base to ward off burn and protect skin against the grime of travel. And don't forget sunburn. For eye beauty, there is also a sweet silk kit, complete with beautifiers, including that gadget that curls lashes. Nice to have everything in its place, and this also slips into your handbag. Not forgetting a collapsible toothbrush. In a short tube is the brush, which when attached to the tube end, makes a full length brush. These are but a handful of the ideas that let you travel with ease. The stores are full of others. It will pay you to make a "just looking" store tour, before you decide what to take, what to leave behind.

DO YOU LIKE SURPRISES?

Every month our beauty bulletin goes seriously into some point of good looks—and gives you tips on ways to look smart, a fashion idea or two and means to more popularity. Also, it offers you the chance to try some new or extra good beauty product—the surprise! The bulletin, telling all, is yours for a three-cent stamp for mailing to Courtenay Marvin, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

HERE'S A GOOD TIP FOR SKINNY, TIRED, NERVOUS PEOPLE!

10 to 25 lbs. gained by thousands this quick, easy way

THERE'S no good reason today for thousands of people to be unattractively thin—often tired and nervous—hardly able to eat, sleep or work. For great numbers have put on 10 to 25 pounds in a few weeks—gained new health, energy and life—with these scientific, easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets.

You see, scientists have discovered that a great many people are skinny, rundown and irritable simply because they don't get sufficient Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without enough of these vital substances you may lack appetite and not get the real body-building good out of what you eat.

Now you get these exact missing substances in these effective little Ironized Yeast tablets. No wonder, then, that with them thousands of men and women have quickly put on just the solid pounds they needed—gained new pep and a naturally attractive appearance—won new friends and popularity, new joy in life.

Make this money-back test

Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and

FEEL better, with much more strength and pep—if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the normally attractive flesh, new energy and life you have so longed for, the price of this first package promptly refunded.

Only be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast, and not one of the cheap, inferior substitutes often offered which do not give the same results. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet. Don't take substitutes.

Special offer!

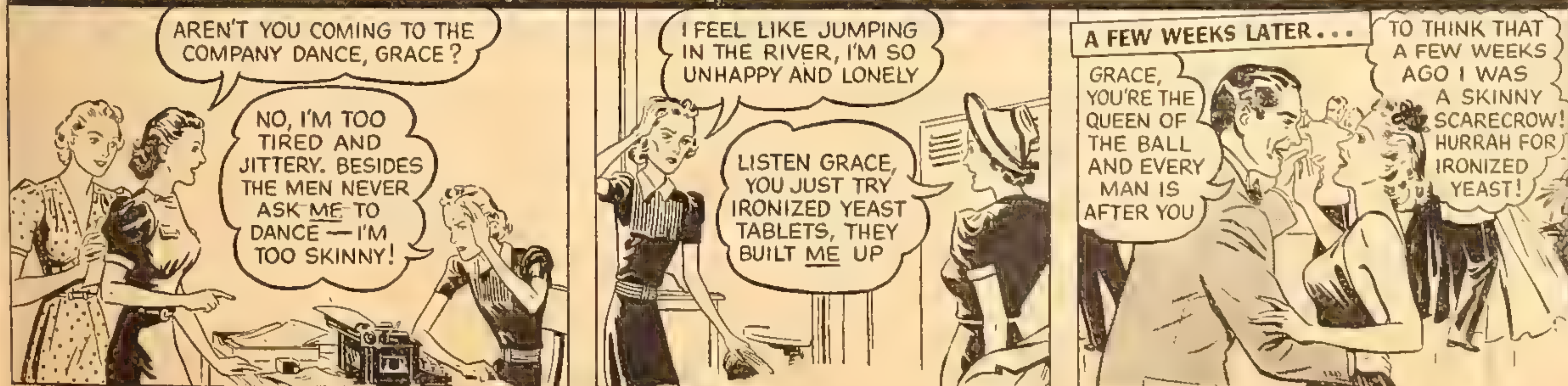
To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 266, Atlanta, Ga.

TUNE IN ON THE GOOD WILL HOUR, every Sunday Evening. See local paper for time and station.



DON'T BE SKINNY

I WAS A SKINNY, TIRED, NERVOUS WRECK UNTIL...



Perspiration Odor Offends Disgusts the other person



DRI-DEW is the new cream deodorant, tested and approved by the Am. Inst. of Laundering and the Nat. Assn. of Dyers and Cleaners as being harmless to fabrics.

WILL NOT DRY UP IN JAR

SAFE—An absolutely pure, unadulterated cream.
NON-IRRITATING—Even right after shaving.
LONG-LASTING in preventing underarm odors.
INSTANTLY EFFECTIVE
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At drug, department
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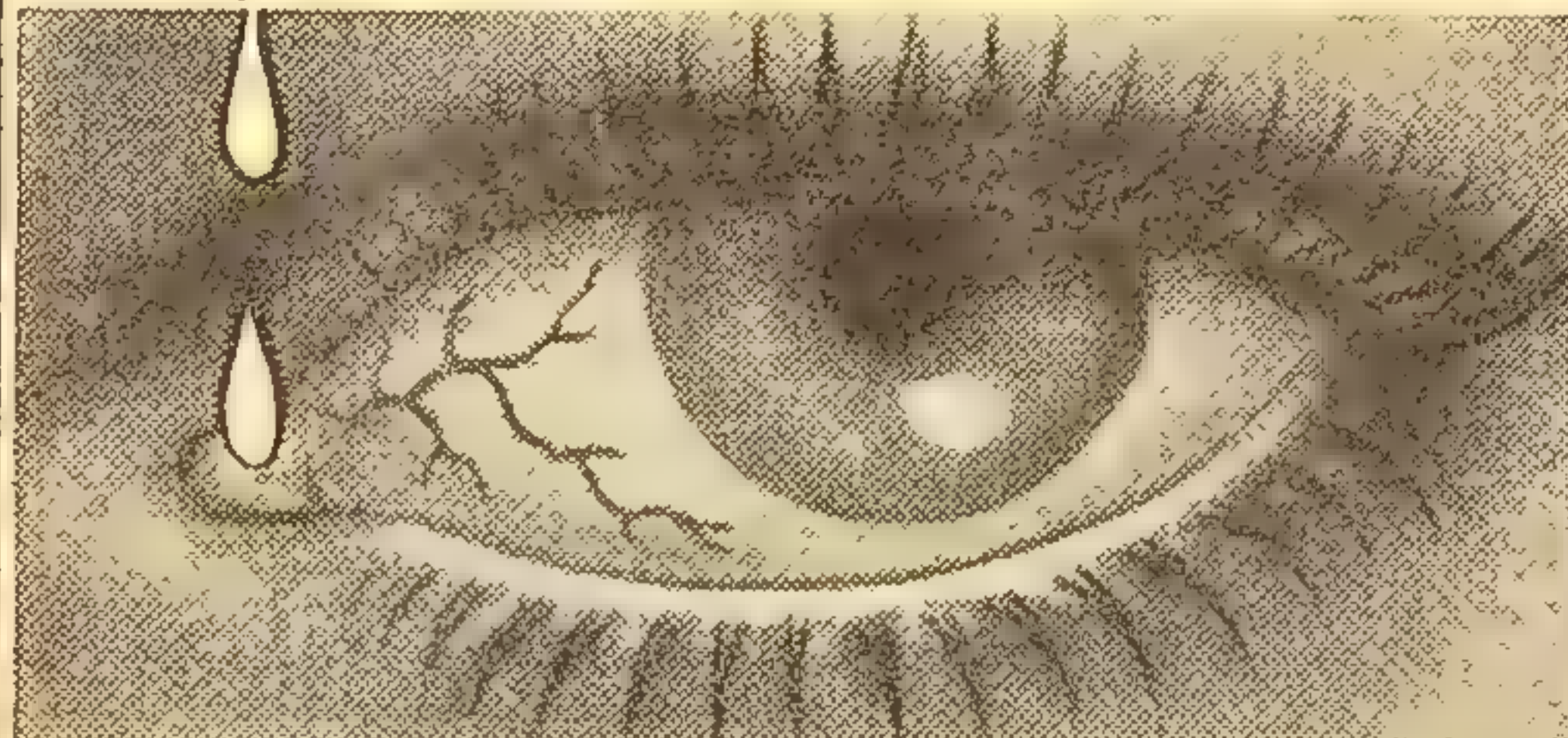
Dri-Dew (cream) 10c, 29c
Instant-Dew
(liquid) 10c, 25c, 50c



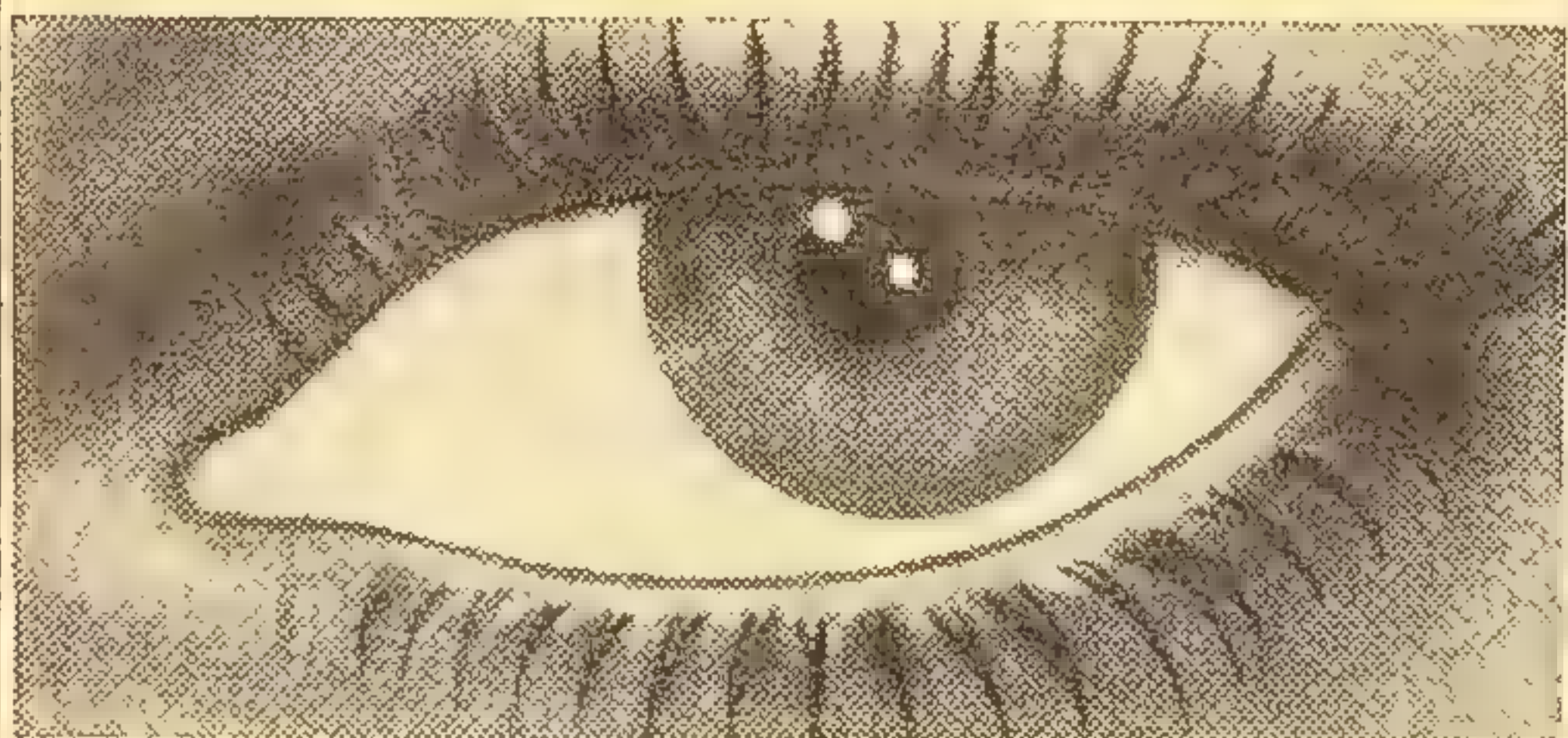
dri-dew
STOPS PERSPIRATION
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CLEAR EYES IN SECONDS!



Only **TWO DROPS** of this eye specialist's formula **WASHES**, soothes, **CLEARs** dull, tired eyes. Its special, **EXCLUSIVE** ingredient instantly clears eyes red and inflamed from late hours, fatigue, etc.



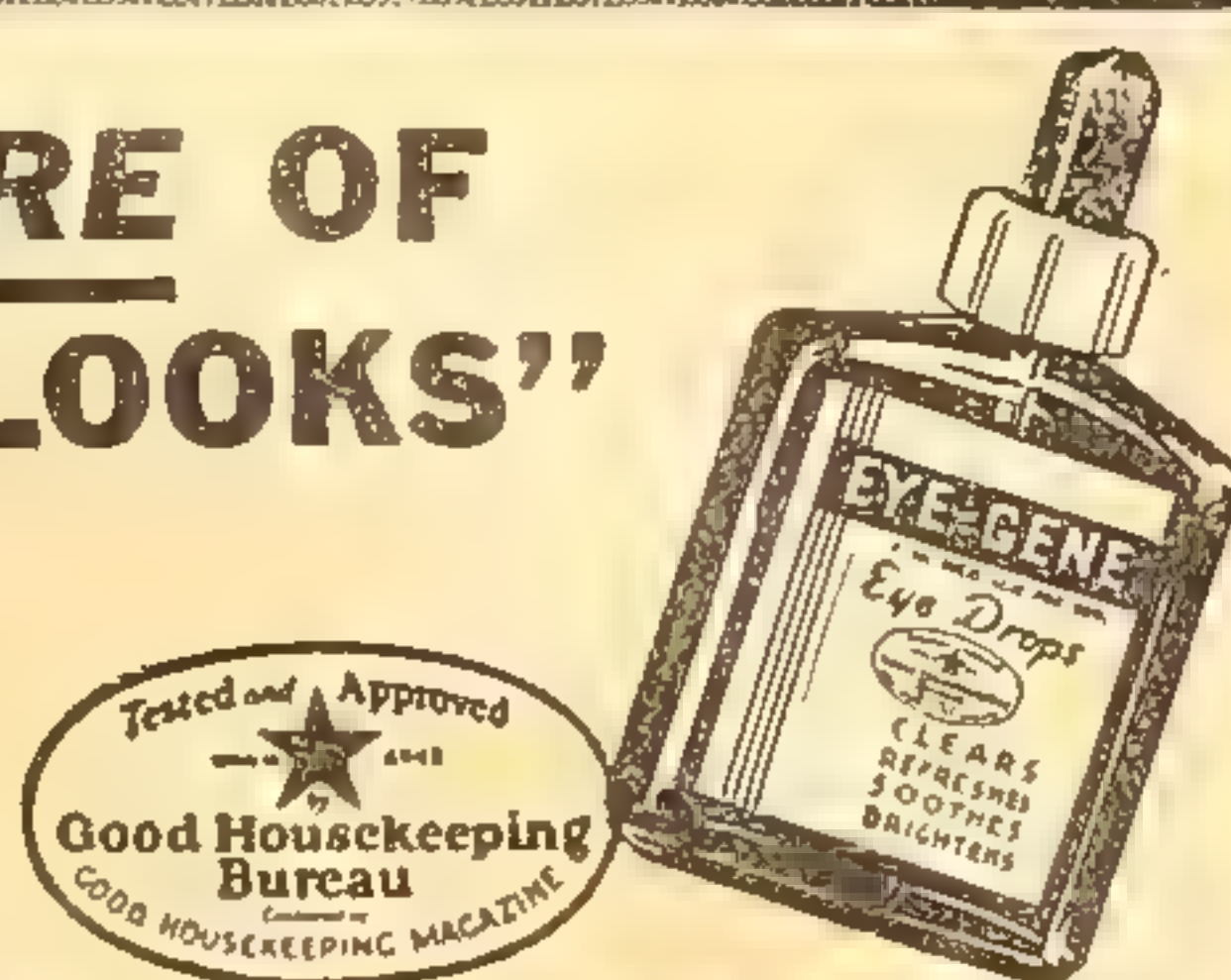
Thousands prefer stainless, sanitary, safe **EYE-GENE**, because it is so quickly **EFFECTIVE** in making **EYES FEEL GOOD**. **WASH** your eyes with **EYE-GENE** today. Sold at drug, department, ten-cent stores.



**BE SURE OF
YOUR "LOOKS"**

USE

EYE-GENE



Does Dick Face Disaster? Continued from page 67

in spite of outward gains. In spite of money. And Joan.

Maybe Dick Powell was simply another one of those temporary personality flashes all too common in Hollywood. Unable to learn how to hang onto his breaks. Maybe he had put across all there was in him, and had been more than lucky anyway. But I don't think so. For I heard him talk. And as he talked on, candidly, firmly, away from the pretense and caution of the studios where so much is hidden, it was plain he is no fool. As he told the story to me, it was obvious that he felt and now understands thoroughly the situations he ran into. The facts are revealing. Surprise Number One is: he isn't a free-lance because he was "fired." He could have remained at the studio where he was a familiar fixture. Surprise Number Two: instead, he not only threw aside the guarantee of his regular check each week, but he, on his side, paid over a sizeable lump sum from his own savings to the studio to be released from his contract. Surprise Three: since he bought his freedom he has refused glittering offers for long-term contracts at other major studios. Surprise Four: Dick admits that had he not acted so boldly his marriage to Joan would have suffered.

Some people I know, who don't know Dick personally, condemn him as a show-off. They identify the real man with his breezy gayety. If he had been conceited he would have grabbed a new set-up quickly, if for no other reason than to dumbfound the cynics. In declining, as you will find, he took a stand which lands him squarely on the spot. "But a man must stand on his own two feet," Dick declared, carefully explaining his behavior. "And making big money isn't everything, after all. I guess I let the idea that it was run away with me for too long."

To unravel his problems we must go away back. We must remember what he was like before he came to Hollywood. Until he was eighteen he had an ordinary enough existence. Folks weren't complex in his small town in Arkansas. They stuck very close to black-and-white rules and there was nothing to astound him. When he finished high school Dick got a job in the local telephone office, which was prosaic enough.

For awhile he was content, but being young and ambitious he soon wanted more for himself. His singing in a choir had been praised frequently. So he went down to Louisville to sell his voice, and he learned he could. He was in the acts in the leading picture theatre there, quite the most energetic employee ever seen. When he saw he would have to move to where they were paying more money for voices, if he were to get more money, he maneuvered a better job in Pittsburgh. Attractive, and a hard worker if there ever was one, he stepped into the post of permanent master of ceremonies in the main theatre there.

But when he married, at twenty-two, he made his first mistake. He didn't know what to do about it. After the first exciting glow had worn off, the girl had little sympathy for his show schedules. So little that, gradually, she had little for Dick, either. She wished an everyday life. His hours were awful and they meant no evenings for bridge, and no leisurely Saturday night suppers. None of the friendly, pleasant things most brides and grooms have after their honeymoon. The two learned they hadn't much to offer one another. And so they separated.

Hollywood imagined Dick was a bachelor when studio executives imported him after favorable reports on his vogue at one of their theatres. The studio considered that

best. He was urged to date the glamor girls, but the only preference he ever showed was for Mary Brian. After his first year's work in the movies he arranged for a divorce, quietly, but he and Mary didn't marry. It was then he became definite about what the woman he would marry would be like. He wanted a real home. This time he was far enough up the ladder so he could enjoy home life. But financial independence was his first goal, and he was bent on saving a specified sum before even considering another marriage.

He has been in Hollywood just seven years this spring. "After my second year I could see the warning on the wall. It shouted, 'Better Roles Or This Way Out!' I wasn't ever deceived by the build-up. I



Newcomer Laraine Johnson shows great promise and with the right screen breaks she should go far.

got. I was well aware that I was clicking because I was being given opportunities to be entertaining."

As time passed he was more than ever aware of how dependent he was on his rôles, of how every lasting movie star protected himself by variety. But he got no variety. When he could have been complacent, proud of receiving the most fan mail on the lot—which he did for five years in a row, when he could have spent lavishly, he was miserable because he foresaw what was going to come to pass. He began to save for the inevitable. In his dilemma he first assumed that colossal co-operation would turn the trick, persuade the high moguls that he deserved more than stock crooning assignments. He spent half his evenings performing free at benefits he was asked to go to. He was more than what the directors wished in his scenes. So he was told that he was a lucky guy, which he knew, and to quit worrying. He couldn't.

"I have had no say on my pictures to date, and it got so the next one was always worse. I'd already done that plot. I went off the air when I figured I'd done all I could in my first radio set-up." It was Dick, you recall, who was master of ceremonies on the first popular radio program to come out of the west, "Hollywood Hotel." After

three sock seasons as host in the Orchid Room he deliberately quit it. He didn't want to resume on radio until he had a new program. But he did. He hopes you've forgotten this. His studio attempted an air show and he was drafted as the host on it. For sixteen weeks he was on perpetual edge because he knew it wasn't good enough. Again, he had absolutely no say. He performed as he was instructed.

"I don't mind making a flop if it's my fault," he emphasized. "You have some consolation then; you got yourself into it. I was in a daze when I realized I was in for a short career as well as a snappy one. Money ceased being enough compensation. I'd reached the financial goal I'd marked out, but here I was young, and I liked to work. So what? So I got mad and hollered! I'm different from Joan. When they gave her one more of the same old part she'd just walk through, bored. I used to scream in protest. I'm more stubborn." Neither method worked for either of them, nor were they allowed to play opposite one another after their marriage.

"We wanted to. But the public, we were told, wouldn't accept us together any more. We were told, in fact, to play down our home, our children. This, with Shirley Temple and Sonja Henie and the Hardys and the Joneses proving the country doesn't want its actors to be silly dopes!"

When Dick began to notice Joan, as a woman, she was as unhappy as he was. She was in an acting rut, and she was even then recovering from her first plunge into marriage. He was all wrapt up in do's and don'ts and he was tense every minute because he couldn't uncover the logic or future to the way his career was going. The rules in Hollywood business weren't like any others. His past co-operation was forgotten. He was typed and now it was his fault, when he'd pleaded to escape from insipid musicals. Joan was superbly indifferent to her own casting when she found she could do nothing about it. "You shouldn't be!" he'd exclaim. "I think you're making too much fuss over nothing," she'd retort. Just like a woman, he muttered as he ignored her and went on arguing and searching for sound reasons for deliberately wearing out his welcome with the intelligent fans.

They married, and made a long boat trip through the Panama Canal for their honeymoon. At Havana a publicity man from the studio joined them. He gave no inkling of what was to burst upon them when they arrived to see New York. They had planned on the new shows, and on dancing in the new night spots. They rated a prepared blaze of so-called glory that nearly broke their hearts. When they sailed into New York harbor they were greeted by tug boats plastered with signs, "Welcome Joan and Dick!" Airplanes actually flew overhead, streaming the same banners. Their fellow passengers, hitherto congenial, began staring. At first amazed, the two were embarrassed and then humiliated at the publicity stunt attached to their devotion. The city papers reported this Hollywood circus-ing so blatantly that the whole episode is still a nightmare. They saw but one play, incidentally.

Such an inauspicious start for their marriage didn't turn them into publicity puppets, however. Second marriage turned Dick from a business man into a man who now sees living as an art. Her zest has shifted his focus from too much accent on the material. She didn't want money; she wanted to live. He didn't know how to relax, to have honest fun spontaneously, until he became acquainted with her vitality. When she made lightning decisions, and they turned out correct, he credited it at first to her luck. Now he is relying on his own intuition, and finding it as sensible as his former slow, ponderous debating with



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(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF

himself had been. He has learned from her, he says, that some things just don't make rhyme or reason. Joan would reiterate this when he would touch a new low in discouragement over his fate. "When there's no answer to things," she'd repeat, "skip it. You'll live, darling, you'll live!"

A great admirer of Bing Crosby, Dick was delighted when Joan's first rôle picked on her own was opposite Bing in "East Side of Heaven." Unfortunately, Dick couldn't cinch his top niche as Bing did because he couldn't protect himself in the same fashion. The astute Crosby brothers so arranged Bing's studio commitments so he has absolute say on everything connected with his films. He has the story, director, cameraman, music, and actors he wants. Dick was tied to an iron-bound contract which provided the alternative.

Rabid on self-improvement, terribly critical of himself, Dick Powell still studies singing under an excellent coach. He is anxious to play legitimate comedy on the screen. "I want to do more musicals, sure, but musicals with plots that are interesting. Then I want to do comedies. I'm tired of just singing down some girl's throat. Of being in a lot of nothing and having nothing to do with it except get the blame. I don't think audiences are dumb. I'll never be in another picture knowing beforehand that it will be old stuff!"

"I hope I'm not being too particular. But Joan and I plan to work less steadily. We're going to know exactly what the picture's about and who's to direct it and how, and we're going to be satisfied with fewer pictures. And not only for the sake of lasting, we hope! For our own sake—why, I was not only losing my grip and going around so mad at my pictures, but we were working so hard we didn't have time for a home life. That was no way to live! So we bought our way free and we won't get bawled up that way again.

"So far we haven't had a real vacation trip together. But we're on our way come summer. Being busy every minute used to seem the only way to live, to me. Now my greatest joy comes from being married to Joan, and from having time to be with her and the kids. We discovered we were never seeing them, so we put a stop to that.

"We have settled in this house after fumbling about in rented places. I bought a big place in Beverly Hills soon after I wound up my contract, because it was a swell buy. There were a couple of acres of grounds, a swimming pool, and a tennis court. The mansion's Colonial. I took Joan over and we decided, together, it wasn't the way we wanted to live. We aren't supercilious. We like to stop at a friend's and drag him or her right home to dinner. The place was too darned formal for the likes of us! So we're here, and I'll sell that and let those who will be swanky. Besides, the nursery there wasn't big enough. This is much smaller, this house, but the kids have a heck of a lot more space. Children come before house guests with us. And yes," he smiled, "Joan loves housekeeping. You ought to taste one of her dinners, and she doesn't do it with cans! Sure, she spoils the kids. But then, why not, reasonably? Joan has shown me how to be true to myself, and I'm going to be! Now I have the radio program I've been waiting for, these Tuesday nights, and I anticipate the same brand of luck for future pictures."

You see, Dick Powell is standing on his own feet again. Only now—with no grand long-term contract—he's heading for a balanced life instead of being the big business man, in a constant turmoil. A sentimentalist for turning down sure money? Yes. Joan admires a broad streak of sentiment in a man. What'll his future be? He isn't among the "first 10" now. But he has his health and his family, and he feels sure there's a rainbow just around the corner.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 11

CRANBERRY FIZZ

- 1 quart canned cranberry juice
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
- 1 pint grapefruit juice
- 1 quart ginger ale

Bring cranberry juice and sugar to the boiling point, add grapefruit juice and chill in refrigerator. Add ginger ale and pour over ice cubes in tall glasses.

CINNAMON COFFEE

- 6 cups strong coffee
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup whipping cream
- 4 sticks of cinnamon

Heat coffee, add cinnamon sticks and let stand for an hour. Remove cinnamon, add sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream. Chill in refrigerator. Pour into 6 tall glasses and fill with ice cubes. Whip remaining cream and dot each serving with spoonful of whipped cream.

"There's another drink we call Pineapple Cup—I think it's more food than drink and sometimes when it's very hot it's all you want for lunch."

PINEAPPLE CUP

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sweetened condensed milk (Borden's)
- $2\frac{2}{3}$ cups water
- 4 eggs, well beaten
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 4 Dole pineapple spears

Blend milk, water, eggs and salt. Chill until very cold. Pour into tall glasses and add one chilled pineapple spear to each glass. Serves four.

"Mint Chocolate is refreshing, too. For this we freeze mint leaves in ice cubes, and add fresh mint leaves to the drink when it's ready to serve."

- 4 cups chilled milk
- 4 tablespoons thick chocolate syrup
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla extract (Burnett's)

"Beat milk, syrup and vanilla together and pour over ice cubes. You can flavor whipped cream with oil of peppermint instead of using the mint leaves, if you wish."

A combination of ginger ale and ice cream with whatever fruits are in season or at hand, makes a delightful drink, according to Sally. You can use a scoop of French vanilla ice cream, fill up with ginger ale and float freshly sliced peaches or halved strawberries on top.

"In nice weather, I always have a swim before breakfast, unless I have an early call to the studio. Then I have coffee and cold water schnecken on a little table by the pool, while I dry my hair and sun myself. I got that schnecken out of one of my foreign cookbooks and we make it all the time. In fact, it's one of our 'dishes of the house.'"

COLD WATER SCHNECKEN

- 5 yolks of eggs
- 1 cup butter
- 1 cup lukewarm cream
- 1 cake yeast (Fleischmann's)
- 3 cups flour (Gold Medal)
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
- 1 cup chopped almonds

Dissolve yeast in cream. Cream butter and sugar, add yolks gradually, then cream with yeast and flour. Beat all together until dough leaves bowl. Set bowl with dough into a bowl of cold water.

Toss dough on board, roll out very thin, sprinkle with chopped almonds, roll up like a jelly roll and cut in $\frac{1}{2}$ inch slices. Place in pan, cut side down. Set in warm place

SCREENLAND'S Glamor Guides

Fashions featured on Page 65 will be found in the following stores and others in principal cities throughout the country.

Miss Swank slip by Miss Swank, Inc., New York City.

R. H. Stearns, Boston, Mass.
Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, Ill.
Titcher-Goettinger & Co., Dallas, Tex.
Elder & Johnston, Dayton, Ohio.
B. Siegel Co., Detroit, Mich.
H. P. Wasson & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
J. J. Haggerty, Los Angeles, Cal.
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Meier & Frank Co., Portland, Ore.
Thalhimer Bros., Richmond, Va.
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Ensemble by Backer & Schachter, Inc., New York City.

The May Co., Baltimore, Md.
Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, Ill.
Crowley Milner, Detroit, Mich.
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John Wanamaker Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
Kaufmann's Dept. Store, Pittsburgh, Pa.
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Fair Travel hat by Brae-Burn Hat Co., New York City.

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J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit, Mich.
The May Co., Los Angeles, Cal.
Burdine's, Miami, Fla.
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Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis, Mo.

Enna Jettick shoes by Dunn & McCarthy, Inc., Auburn, N. Y.

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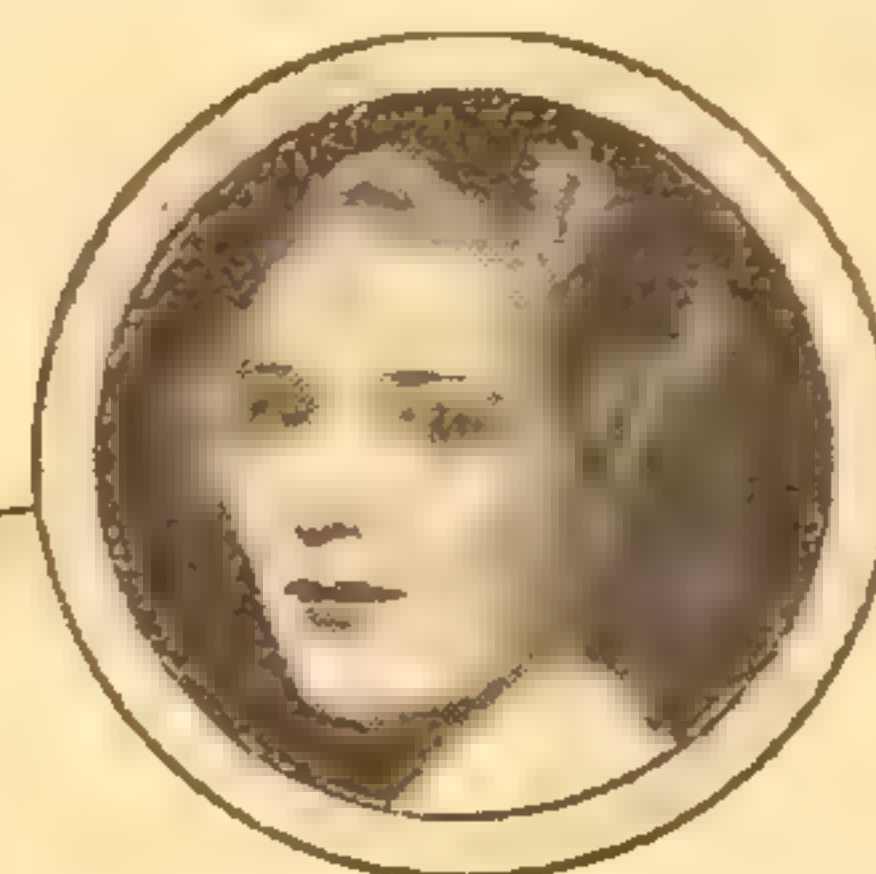
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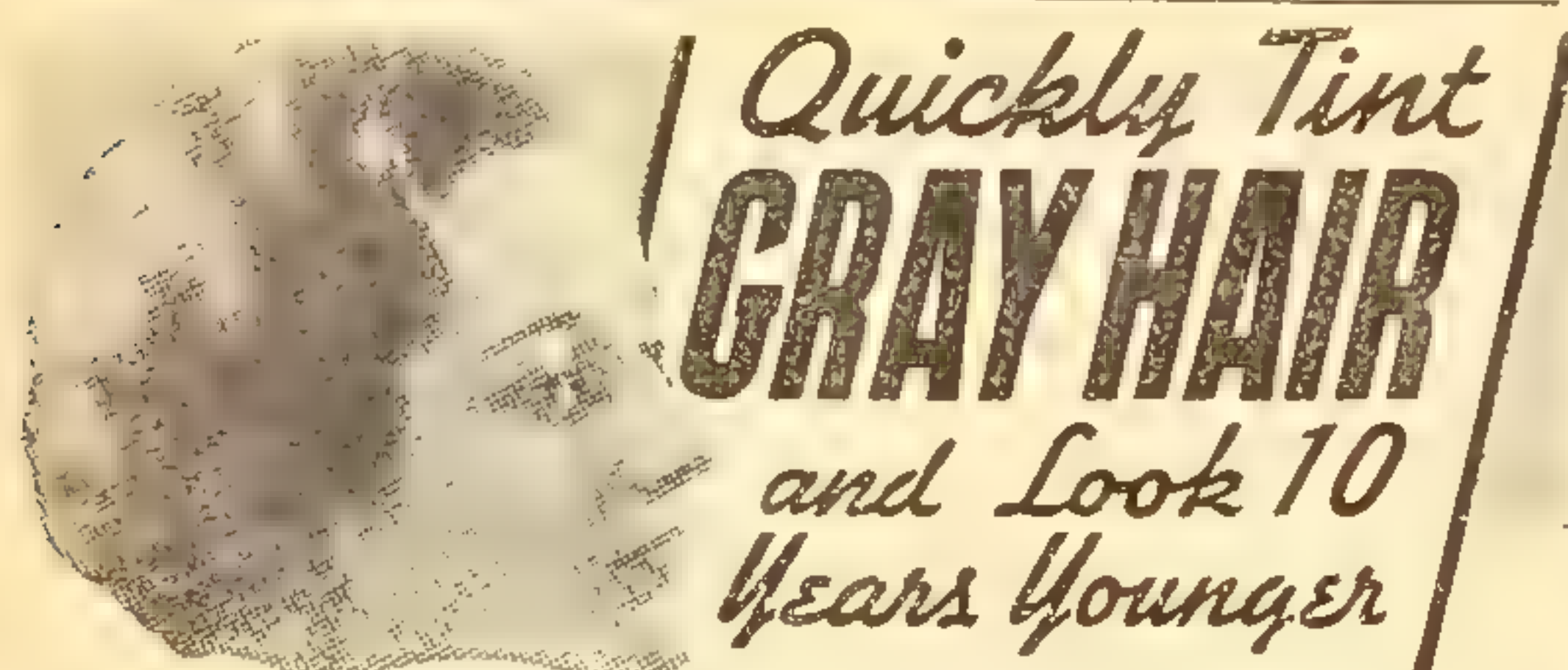
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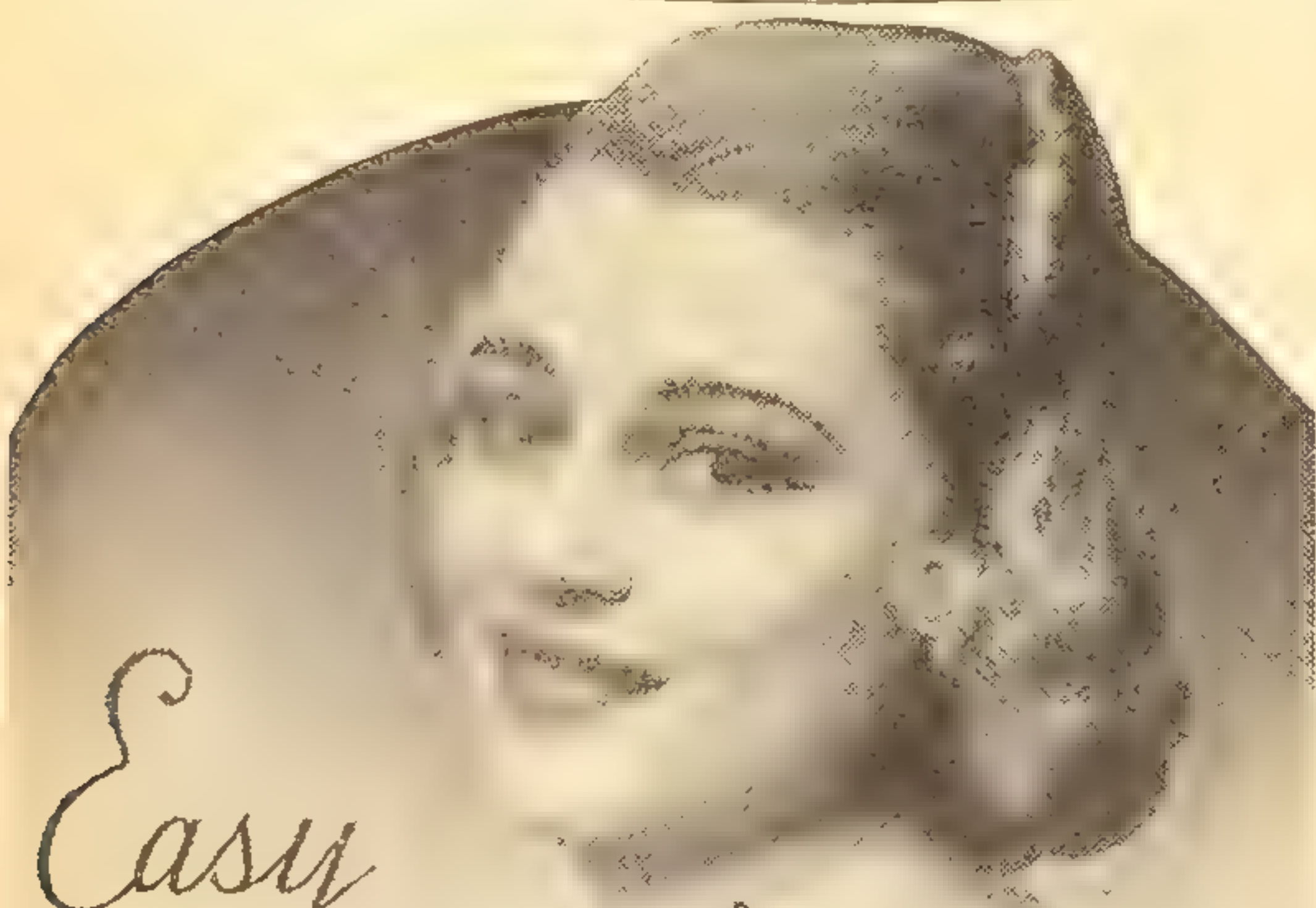
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Youth Over Hollywood

Continued from page 51

too, fine lines, bringing to it a keen vividness shining, like her brown eyes under browner hair, with the clear light of intelligence. This spelled beauty, not that mere prettiness common to newcomers to Hollywood. Galvanizing it all was the vitality of a human charged battery. But what struck me as even more significant in one of her brief years was Nancy Kelly's complete and unaffected poise. Plainly she was taking her new place in the entertainment world with all the ease of a veteran. Not that she could possibly have found it easy, for in her four months in Hollywood she already had played in three pictures. "Submarine Patrol," I could see after seeing it, must have meant little more to her than a workout. "Tail Spin" now had this high-flight star-in-the-making up in the air. But "Jesse James" brought her down to earth so convincingly as to make her real as the soil. I could only credit it to the Irish in her.



Gay-evening backstage at George Abbott's Manhattan musical hit, "The Boys from Syracuse," when Don Ameche, Dorothy Lamour, and Edgar Bergen visited the cast. Stars of the show include Muriel Angelus, Eddie Albert, Wynn Murray, and comics Jimmy Savo and Teddy Hart.

"But I'm really more English and Scotch than Irish," she explained, "for that's what my mother's people were. My father's parents were merely of Irish descent. Anyway, I don't think any combination of nationalities could have helped me had it not been for my mother. She has taught me everything I know about acting, little as it may be. It began with her telling me fairy stories as a little child when she put me to bed at night, then having me tell them over again next day. Today I am simply what my mother herself wanted to be, but her family forbade it—you know how parents felt about girls becoming actresses in those days. Mother seriously started teaching me when I was four, so that I might learn expression. I did learn to register fear and to cry. It was at that age I went into my first silent picture at the Paramount Studio in Astoria, playing a little part in 'Untamed Lady' with Gloria Swanson. But I never saw myself on the screen till I was ten. Mother was afraid it would make me self-conscious. Another objection was that pictures then were forever showing close-ups of women in men's arms, and she thought that would not be good for me. So about the only thing I remember of those days was that someone in Miss Swanson's pic-

ture took my doll away from me and I took on so that they couldn't stop me crying."

Miss Kelly shook her dainty head deplorably over her first appearance, then went on with an indulgent smile: "The next thing I learned was how to faint. That was in a picture with Warner Baxter, who was so afraid I'd never come to—I loved fainting—that he bent down and whispered, 'Lunch!' Nothing could ever keep me from eating," she admitted. "Maybe that's why, at ten, I began to get fat, bumpy, and awkward. By that time I was on the stage in the Milne play, 'Give Me Yesterday,' and mother decided it was time to give me a change. So I went into radio and stayed there for five years."

Now you may be wondering, as I was, how in the world that busy young girl ever found time to go to school. But somehow she did, at eight to the Immaculate Conception School in Astoria, then in turn to St. Lawrence Academy and the Bentley School for Girls in New York City, after which a French tutor polished off her fairly liberal education. But she never went to a dramatic school. Her highly capable

mother made that unnecessary. "Even now," she said, "mother is with me on the set all the time. After each scene I sneak over to her and ask, 'Did you like that?' If she says, 'Yes,' I'm happy as a lark."

With due appreciation of everything she owed to Mrs. Kelly, I was curious to know what her radio training had meant to her. "It was of greatest value, perhaps, in giving me a sense of immediacy," she said. "I was on 'The March of Time' program, where everything had to be done quickly so that it would have current interest. That was good training. The director would say, 'Let me have a little more attitude and less voice.' When the Duke of Windsor married Mrs. Simpson I got her voice from records and played Wally the following day. I tried to make her sound bored, blasé, worldly, but nice. Heaven only knows how she may have felt about it, but I got a lot of fun out of 'doing' her. It was different, very saddening, to play Jean Harlow the day after her death. That was the most uncanny, weird thing I'd ever done, yet it had a strong personal appeal, for I'd always been a great admirer of Miss Harlow and the news of her sudden end came as a terrible shock to me. We dramatized an episode of Miss Harlow's life, and some-

now that made it seem as though she were still alive. It was very hard for me to get through rehearsals, and more than once I nearly broke down." There was a moment's pause, her soft eyes misting. "But the minute I got on that mike I was Jean Harlow! That trying experience will always be associated in my mind with another that was even more directly tragic, the death of Os-good Perkins just an hour or so after the first performance of 'Susan and God' in Washington. Having been his daughter in the play, I felt almost as though I had lost my own father. Mother and I were reading in our hotel room when the telephone rang. I answered it. Frantically, the company manager told me Mr. Perkins had just dropped dead in his bathroom. The dreadful news stunned me. It seemed unbelievable, for I could still feel his hands warm in mine. Without a word, hardly knowing what I was doing, I went into our bathroom. Ten or twenty minutes later there was a knock on the door. I came out in a daze and said to mother, 'Ossy's gone.' Then I cried all night. The hardest thing I ever did was going through that performance the second night. An understudy played the father, but all the time I saw and felt poor dear Ossy. I'll never quite get over what 'Susan and God' did to me."

What it had done for her crossed my mind. For no sooner had Nancy Kelly played *Blossom* on the New York stage than no end of offers came to her from Hollywood. "But I didn't want to come out here!" was her surprising revelation. "I wanted to stay in New York and see if I could make something of myself. It wasn't a matter of making more money than I was getting on the stage—that didn't interest me. But mother thought another change would be good for me. That settled it. But I cried when I got on the train there and cried when I got off it here. It just happens that I love New York and, although I was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, only to leave there when two months old, feel myself to be a New Yorker. Maybe it's because I love the stage. Not that I don't like pictures, for I do. So here I am with a seven-year contract. If I last out they'll probably be tired of my face by that time and I'll go back. Meanwhile, so far as playing mothers is concerned, I might just as well be twenty-seven as seventeen."

It was suggested she probably wouldn't say that if she were twenty-seven. "No," she laughed, "I suppose I wouldn't. In this business twenty-seven is old. If I could go on being seventeen I'd be happy. But now that I am that age I see its dangers. I'm afraid, for one thing, of too much publicity. If I'm ballyhooed as a success right off the reel—bang!—it may antagonize the public and cause it to say, 'Show me!' If, on the other hand, I can manage in my young inexperience to give that public any entertainment I shall be more than satisfied. But if they don't like me I'll just pack up and go home."

There spoke the thoroughbred. Always, I noticed, Nancy Kelly thought of her work, not herself. "In any part," she said with the simplicity that added honesty to her charm, "I forget myself. It's not me, it's that person who is going through experiences common to us all. That's the only attitude to take because it's sane."

As to whether she "bothered" with romance at all, Miss Nancy definitely said: "No! I'm too busy with my work to give any time to romance. Plenty of time for that later on. Here in Hollywood I do most of my dancing with my father, who is only thirty-six and looks so young that people think he's my boy friend. I myself am fortunate in coming here while still young. For that matter, youth is an advantage everywhere." On which subject Nancy Kelly could confidently be accepted as an able and enchanting authority.



Rochelle Hudson and Patric Knowles in Republic's "Storm Over Bengal"

The Thrill of a Lifetime

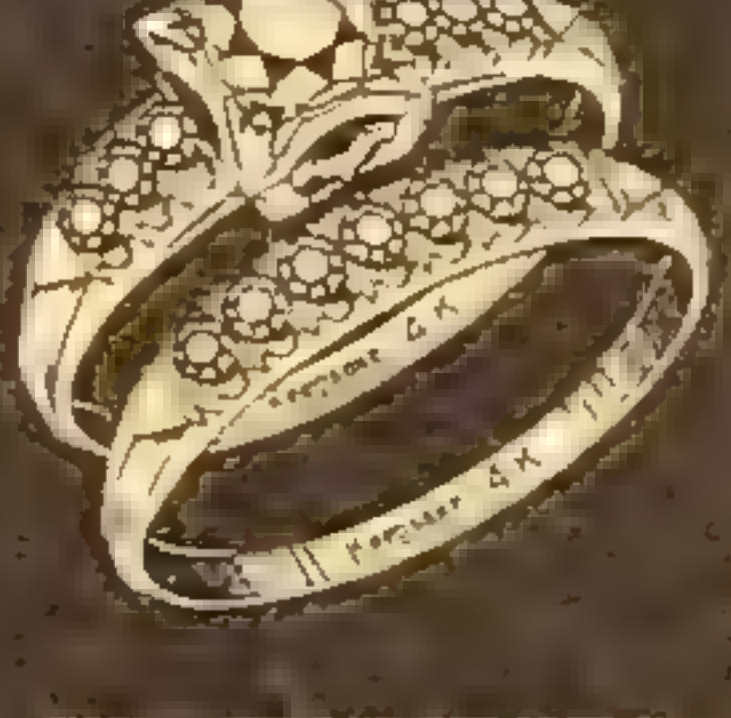
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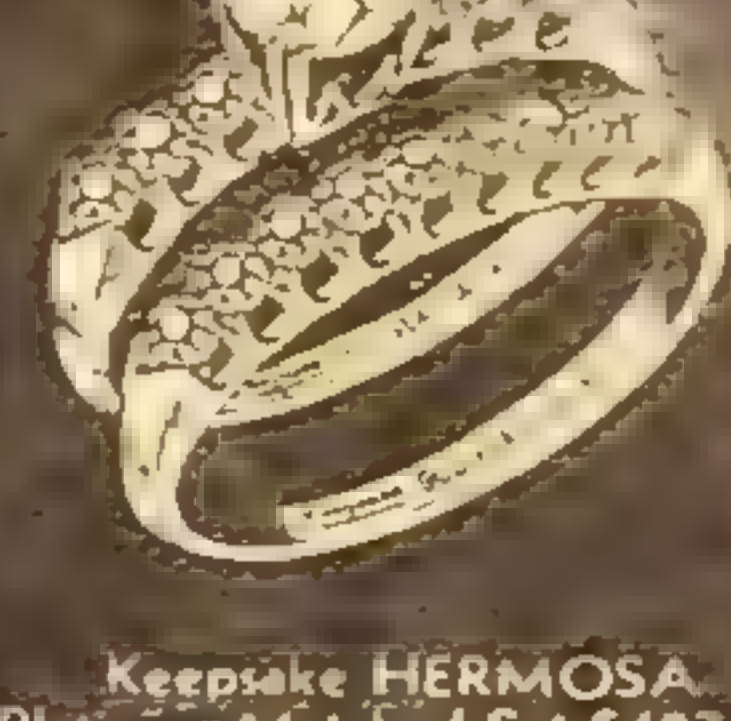
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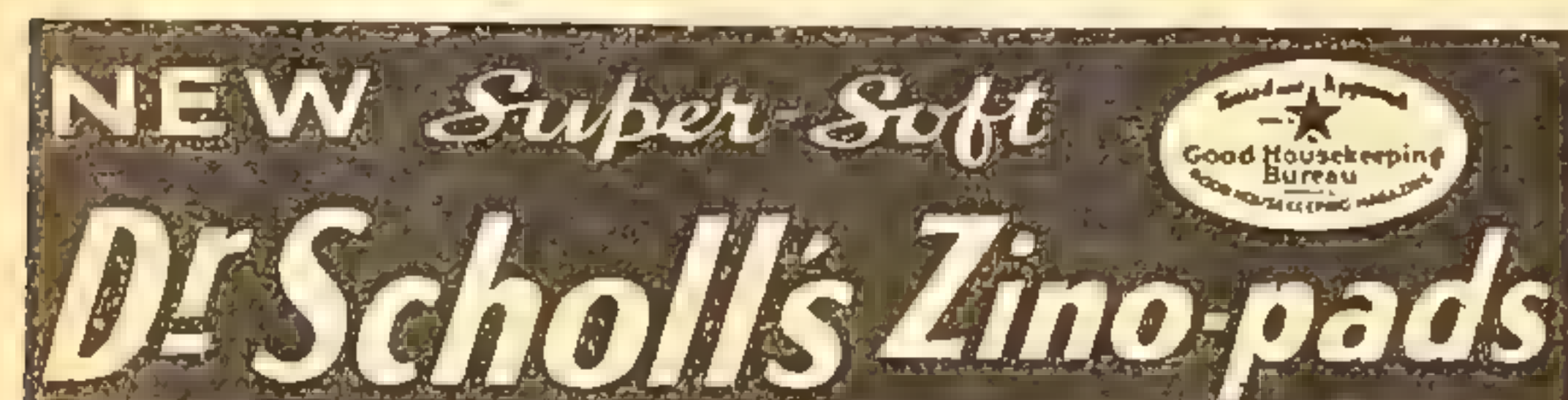
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"So You Won't Talk, Eh"

Continued from page 57

colony's purest example of British reserve. Yet he has an advantage over others which, though it may seem unfair, is incontestable. It lies in his great personal charm, in his exquisite courtesy. Once you've exchanged however few words with him, you'd be on his side though he'd committed the seven cardinal sins. A writer who had trailed him for days and finally run him down on the set of "If I Were King" had exactly three minutes of conversation with him. "I knew he'd been leading me a monkey's chase," she groaned, "and he knew I knew it. But for those three minutes he acted as if he'd rather be talking to me than to the Duchess of Windsor. And me, sap that I am, believed it!"

Colman's countryman, Basil Rathbone, is something else again. Willing as the other is reluctant, he analyzes the difference between them thus: "Ronnie's a typical Englishman. I'm not. I love to talk, God help me!" Not only does he love to talk, but he talks wittily and well. Writers cry for assignments on him. They know there won't be that initial strain of defensiveness to overcome. He doesn't act as if he expected to have pins stuck into him. Which is maybe one reason why he doesn't get pins stuck into him. Give him a hint of what you want, and he does the rest. His mind is nimble, ingenious and full of humorous quirks. You don't have to prod or plead or twist yourself into knots. The sparkling current of his speech cascades over you and you relax, you bask. You have a good time and you get a good story. More, *he* thanks *you*. With as much cordiality now that he's in great demand as when he'd just finished "David Copperfield" and didn't quite know where he was going from there. You mustn't, of course, allow personal feelings to affect professional objectivity. But you're only human, so you can't help liking the guy.

When Alice Faye first came to Hollywood, she was miserable, homesick and heartsick for New York. Pining for the east, she was persuaded by her business advisers that if she would stick around, her day would come. Publicity was important at that stage and she was grateful for whatever came her way. Indeed, so prettily did she express her appreciation that more than one writer grew misty-eyed over the forlorn little girl from New York. It's some time now since they put their handkerchiefs away. Alice no longer needs their tears. Nor their publicity. When they come knocking, Alice doesn't live there any more. If you've got to have a story, you can see her brother or her agent or her friend. But you can't see Alice. In fact, Alice has difficulty in seeing *you* at a distance of one foot.

Of course there are excellent reasons for all this. She works hard, she's subject to a thousand demands, she takes her job very seriously, a scene gone wrong spells tragedy to one who is in process of becoming a good dramatic actress. It's only right that her path should be cleared of minor worries.

There's another actress who works even harder, who's subject to more demands, who takes her job, we should say, at least as seriously. High at the top of every writer's list of favorite persons stands Bette Davis. Her name has become a byword for considerateness. She has the courtesy of kings. She has never been known to forget or be late for an appointment. She has never broken one except for compelling cause. Desperately tired one day after a series of difficult scenes for "Jezebel," she was urged to cancel an interview date. "Suppose they cancelled my picture, wouldn't I feel ele-

gant? No, there isn't any difference except that this man probably needs his job worse than I need mine."

She is set apart too by her candor. Most women—and more especially, actresses, refuse to look their years in the face, much less hold them up to the public view. Bette comes out with a blithe story on how it feels to be thirty. She's impatient of the kind of sappiness that presents all movie stars as plaster saints. "I've got too much respect both for myself and the people who support my pictures to ask them to believe any such tripe." She sees herself more objectively than most, and analyzes herself with a crisp vigor. She has an active brain, and a definite viewpoint which she's not afraid to expound. An actress once asked me: "How is it Bette Davis can get away with things forbidden to the rest of us?" I wanted to say (but didn't): It's the rest of you, not Bette, who try to get away with things." Honest, courageous, intelligent, she faces realities with a "Pooh! The truth never hurt anyone."

Myrna Loy and Fred MacMurray represent the group who are difficult to interview in spite of themselves. Public self-revelation violates a law of their natures. Yet because they know that publicity is part of the game, they steel themselves to give as best they can. You respect their viewpoint, appreciate their good will and try to extract information with a minimum of pain.

Myrna, gracious and lovely as you know her on the screen, disarms you at once. "I know I'm poor copy. How? There's hardly a soul in Hollywood who hasn't told me so!" It's not an accurate charge. I've heard few stories more poignant than her account of her father's death. In two or three swift sentences, she showed you a child grief-bewildered by a blow so stunning that the woman still carries its scar. But that happened long ago, and she told it as if it had happened to somebody else. It's what happened yesterday that she reserves the right to keep to herself. One brash reporter tried to get from her the story of her marriage. She eyed him serenely and asked if he thought it would rain tomorrow.

MacMurray comes to an interview like a lamb to slaughter. He squirms, contemplates shoeleather, lifts his eyes briefly, says: "Yes, I guess so" or "I wouldn't know." He's so acutely miserable that you have no room for anything but pity. You feel that any man who through a sense of duty subjects himself to such anguish deserves a medal. Can he help it if he's inarticulate? He isn't, though, as a Paramount publicity man discovered. Handling a MacMurray picture, he finally gave the star up in disgust. "The guy can't talk," he told his chief. Now long after, he was assigned to accompany MacMurray on a personal appearance trip to San Francisco. To his amazement, the actor talked his head off, revealing himself as a well-informed, stimulating and highly agreeable companion. Reason: he had ceased to regard the other as a publicity man. A psychological barrier had collapsed.

No one seems to be able to explain what come over Cary Grant. "He's gone Hollywood" seems too simple for those who knew him when. They would have sworn he had too much sense. Yet there's no denying that Cary's a changed man. I remember the time, and it's not so long ago, when you'd meet him on the set and be refreshed by a stream of such gay, goodhumored volubility that you'd send off a dozen letters that same afternoon, all designed to lure in assignments on Cary Grant. The change has been gradual—from Cary the affable, through Cary who couldn't be bothered, to Cary who seems to take delight in rudeness for its own sake. His defection has caused some irritation but more genuine regret at the submergence—temporary, one hopes—of a likeable personality.

We have given you of course no more than the briefest cross-section of a multi-arious picture. But even that cross-section would be incomplete without mention of Adolphe Menjou. He stands as the bright and shining example of one who can take his publicity or leave it, who recognizes its value but realizes too that his reputation doesn't hang by an adjective. He can bring humor and perspective to bear even on the word printed about himself. The best-paid freelance in Hollywood, unhampered by studio restrictions, mellow, urbane, frank, he talks as he pleases and doesn't add: "Don't use that." Having given you a story, he does you the additional courtesy of taking for granted that you know what to do with it. If for nothing else, he'd be haloed by the following incident. A writer, uncertain as to whether she'd gone too far in quoting one of his blunter statements, asked him if he'd like to check its accuracy.

"Did you say I murdered someone? No? Then what's all the checking for?"

To a harried Hollywood interviewer, magnanimity can go no farther than that.



Norma Shearer, left, sees Merle Oberon off as she leaves Hollywood for that trip to London.

Give Her a Break

Continued from page 59

"Aflame with enthusiasm, I bumped into every kind of disappointment, and was frustrated at every turn. Rôles promised me were given to other players, pictures that offered a chance were shelved, no one was particularly interested in me, and I had not developed a strength of personality to make anyone *believe* I had special talents. I wanted so desperately to succeed that I drove myself relentlessly, taking no time off for pleasures, or for friendships—yet, aiming at the stars, I was still floundering!"

Then, like a story book, when she was at the lowest ebb, she met Frank Ross. Recently out of college, but already launched in the real estate business in New York, he was visiting friends in Beverly Hills, on the same block where Jean and her parents lived. With a contagious humor and rare understanding, Frank broke through her excessive shyness and awakened within her a glorious new sense of freedom and confidence. He taught her to play, to laugh, and to find fun in every hour, and before they knew it, they were in love. A few beautiful months they had to build their romance, then Frank returned to New York.

The months dragged after he left and Jean's disappointments seemed to double. Then, in a flash, it came to her that she must know more about the technique of acting. She must learn how to give ex-

pression to the emotional spark within her. The stage was the place for that, and then and there she made a momentous decision: she'd go to New York, take any rôle in any play she could get, and *learn to act*.

Said Jean, "It was on the train going east that I made the startling discovery that a career could never fill my life, that there was more to living than merely an ambition. For the first time I saw it in its true perspective, and never again did it dominate my life. I realized I had been too greedy for success, been wanting it too hard. Now, while still burning with ambition to become a skillful actress, I was hungry for other interests and a broader viewpoint; I wanted companionship, someone to share my life and my work."

Meeting Frank in New York, Jean found she was even more in love than she thought she was, and he shared her enthusiasm for her new plan. Her first stage rôle was with an uptown company playing "Lysistrata" and she began her study of acting by following every word, every move of these seasoned players. During the next two and a half years, she appeared in eleven plays, several on Broadway, and feels she learned something from every director and actor she met.

Frank had carried a marriage license in his pocket for more than a month and just before she started the Theatre Guild play, "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head," he pulled a bit of caveman stuff by announcing that *tomorrow* would be their wedding day. The ceremony took place in a picturesque stone church in Long Island, which they discovered while motoring, and the next day Jean left for Philadelphia, where the play opened. Two weeks later, when it reached Broadway, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ross took an apartment and life really began.

"Following several Broadway plays and needing a rest," said Jean, "I came out to Beverly Hills to visit my parents, and remained to make two films. It was during this separation from my husband that I re-discovered that no career could satisfy me. I wanted to live my emotions, and I realized that a woman's highest goal is marriage and a home. Before long, Frank and I agreed that our happiness lay out here—and *together*. We wanted no more separations.

"An acting career is stimulating, a perfect outlet for a woman's restlessness and her highly developed imagination. If she has the urge, she should follow it, but she should take it as a man does his profession, share it with her personal life, not let it absorb her. This is sometimes difficult because the freedom of expression is still so new to her that she becomes hypnotized with the glamor.

"Naturally, when I'm making a picture I set aside every distraction and give all I have to my work. The hours are long for I leave home at six-thirty in the morning and return at seven-thirty at night. I go right to bed. Dinner is served to us on tray tables beside my bed while we talk over the events of the day.

"Between pictures?" Jean laughed. "I'm afraid it will sound very dull, for I do nothing exciting. I enjoy my home and gardens, Pat and I take long walks over the hills, and Frank and I see as many pictures as we can crowd in. I've never had time to make intimate friends so we go out very little socially. I live quietly, yet I feel I have a very full, rich life."

Jean still goes to battle for her career. Not so long ago, after making six pictures in twelve months and being unhappy over two of them, she disagreed with the studio regarding a rôle and remained away from the studio for a whole year. Never once did she doubt that when the right time came she would return to the screen in

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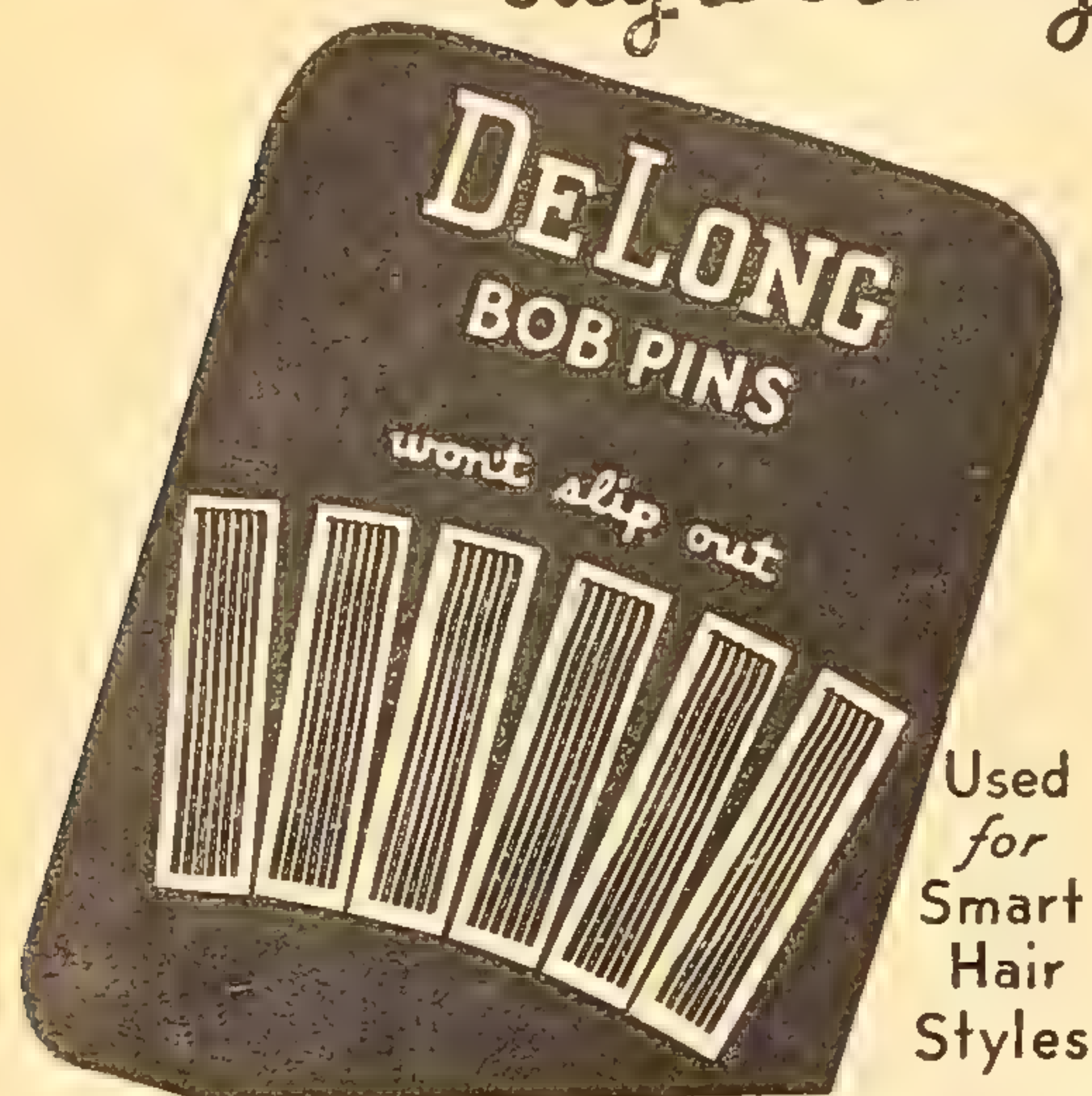
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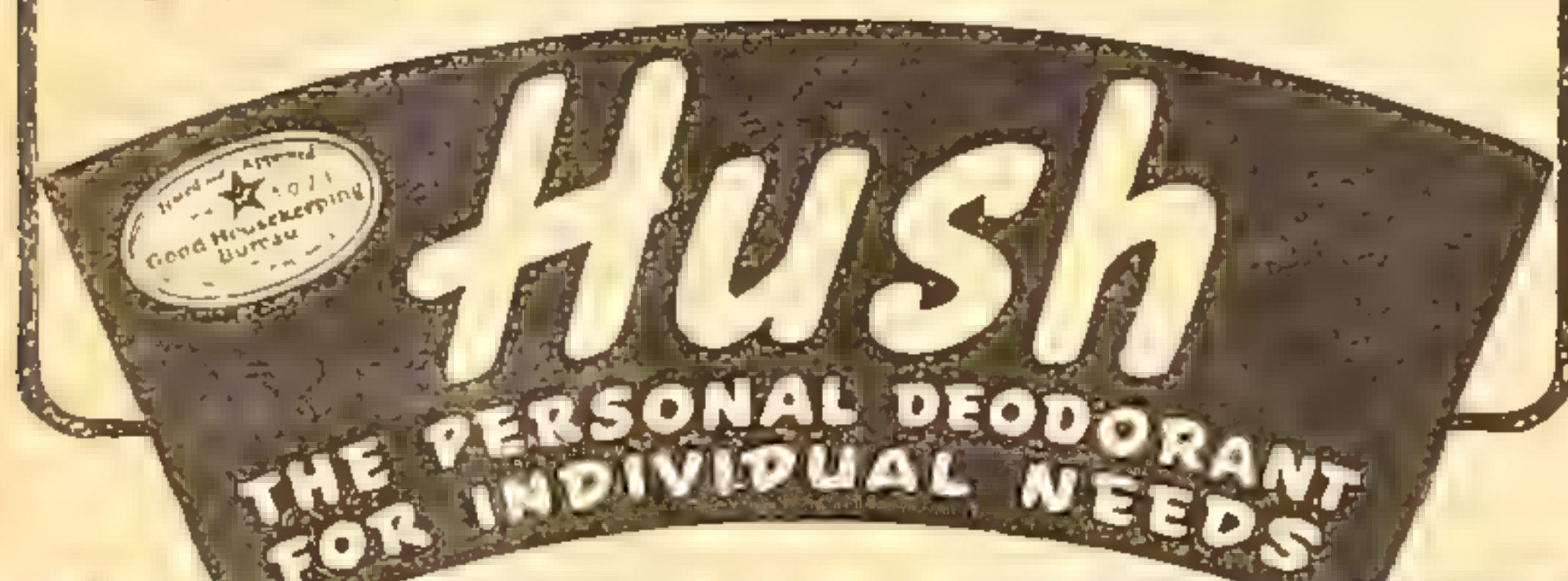
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just the right rôle. And she did. She loved playing the daughter of the mad, merry *Vanderhof* family in Frank Capra's film "You Can't Take It With You." She's just completed the rôle of the frivolous heroine in Columbia's "Only Angels Have Wings," and is elated that Mr. Capra has chosen her for the leading part in his next production, "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington." This will be her third picture with this magic director, a record no one else holds, for she co-starred with Gary Cooper in an earlier Capra hit, "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town."

During the next half hour I picked up many items that illuminate Jean, both as the woman and the actress. Shy as she is with people, the minute she goes before the cameras she is self-possessed and can hold her own in any situation. While respecting her directors, she never hesitates to argue over something she believes is right. And *love scenes!* She gaily admits she can go right into the most fervid ones with actors she's meeting for the first time and feel no embarrassment. Yet, should she see them ten feet outside the studio, she'd be tongue-tied. She doesn't care about clothes or jewels, but loves beautiful furniture and rare books, and she has flowers in every corner of her home. She doesn't plan ahead or worry about the future. She believes her part is to live each day fully as it comes. Anyway, life is too thrilling to waste it in idle day-dreaming.

Frank Ross, who persistently keeps in the background of his wife's fame, finally contributed a few sage bits. He is confident that belonging to the same profession, though in different fields, promotes their happiness because each has a complete understanding of all the problems the other must meet. Yet their interests never overlap, or clash. He admires Jean's business head and her independent spirit which guide her decisions. Then, with a grin, he admitted he is very proud of her success—he feels she won against such terrific odds.

Barrymore Man or Myth?

Continued from page 34

regal than that of any tycoon. He went Hollywood in a manner that put Hollywood to shame.

"Only the other day my agents were offered seventy-five thousand dollars for my Chinese tenement," he confesses. "Furnished!" he hisses. "Before letting it go for approximately a tenth of its value I shall turn the blooming pile into a home for indigent juveniles, toupees and all!"

You remember how the Barrymore celluloid product began to slip, after all these extravagant gestures. How he was joshed in the prints as a profile who had played *Hamlet*, an artist who had frittered away his talents. Treated thus disdainfully by the critics, he was acknowledgedly "through." It was too bad, but the myth had exploded: the great Barrymore was but a shell, temperamental as hell, proud as Lucifer, mad as a March hare.

It was during this phase that he went berserk in quest of laughs, setting up another round for the house with a lavish but unsteady hand, becoming a fixture of New York's lobster belt with circles under his eyes and blondes under his arm. At this juncture Elaine Jacobs, a New York girl, met him and fell completely in love with him, pursuing him publicly from coast to coast. Now more a myth than ever, Caliban leapt from crag to cranny, thumping his aquiline nose at press and pursuer, emitting roars of laughter, striking attitudes worthy of Mr. Durante, and keeping on page one as consistently as the weather. The public eyed all this with amusement, followed by

a jaundiced sort of ennui. It was too bad that a great actor should so demean himself, winding up in a tabloid strait-jacket. He was a good guy when he was right. The mourners turned away with a sigh.

Following his marriage to the hero-worshipping Elaine Barrie (re-christened so that her name might more nearly approximate that of her idol) Barrymore disappeared from the front pages, shunned the midnight sun, faded into seclusion of a sort. Regeneration was going on apace. Turkish baths followed matrimony; training took the place of tipting. In another six months a new, rejuvenated John emerged from his tent in Beverly Hills to look upon the world with a clear eye, firm, confident, re-born. This all sounds like a bad novel, but it is the truth incarnate, shorn of morbid details, edited for home consumption.

The new Barrymore started back in supporting rôles for Paramount, counterfeiting himself more ludicrously than ever. Menjou tried, playing old men, panhandlers, and professors, all with that sure, deft touch that once was the Barrymore hallmark. He was back in stride.

As a vacation from Hollywood he is currently in New York to do "My Dear Children," a stage charade in which he is supported by Elaine Barrie. Upon the occasion of our meeting he was in rare form, amiable, sardonic, profane, incisive in his wit, fertile of anecdote. He looked well, save for a tendency toward paunchiness. His profile is intact, his brow saturnine, his arrogance superb. Miss Barrie sat at his side, silent for the most part, but obviously adoring. She is young, possessed of a tidy figure.

The famous blackboard that is held out of camera range with Barrymore's lines chalked on it is simply a lazy man's device, he suavely claims. His memory is as good as it ever was, his mind as clear, he says, but why learn lines if you can avoid this drudgery by having a flunky hold a board for you to con instead of burning midnight oil? "My mind is filled with more important things," smiling maliciously. This habit of seasoning his remarks with smirks and grimaces make it all more complex and arresting—it's good theatre, and Barrymore is dedicated to giving a good performance in shower bath or café, club or barber-shop. He does things on the spur of the moment, to indulge a whim, satisfy an urge or startle an onlooker. He is a thorough-going exhibitionist at heart.

He does not hold with the currently popular school of repressed acting, although he did admire Raymond Massey's reticent performance of Lincoln. "There, of course, the character is so epic that to 'act' it would be suicide," he said. "Projecting Lincoln is enough for any sane man to attempt; acting him would be horrible. But I deplore the tendency to underplay ordinary scripts. Acting should be full-blooded and booming, with breadth and scope. Give every portrayal guts, I say. A bit academi-

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cally expressed, perhaps, but you may rephrase it to taste."

He talks sonorously, declaiming now and again, enjoying each syllable as it rolls off his tongue. He has a fine disdain for Hollywood and its producers with few exceptions, but he holds this in check under the firm rein of Elaine's disapproving nod. He likes New York and its tempo and the theatre that he was born to. But wherever he is, he is acting.

Asked what he thought of Maurice Evans' *Hamlet*, he frowned fiercely and said that it was an interesting performance; then added, "But nobody can give a bad performance in that play. It's a play that acts itself, and *Hamlet* is such a lovely guy. I'm very fond of him. He was no mope, as he is sometimes played. He was regular, you know. He liked the gals—*Ophelia* was simply cuckoo over him—he was literate, and God knows he must have been tough, from all that fencing he did. It kept me in condition when I played the part."

He rubbed a tentative chin, poked his midriff, speculatively. "I'd like to play it again. Youth isn't so relevant when it comes to men. It amazes me to see how many of the leading men strap their middles into a corset, toss on a toupee and emerge to play Hedy Lamarr's suitor or Shirley Temple's boy friend. Of course the Lord made men more resilient. They last longer and can fool the public longer. When the great Russian Art Theatre came here they had forty-year-old women playing ingénues and it was rather disillusioning to hear a mature woman asking her mother if she could stay out until nine o'clock. Their men, on the other hand, were ageless. I was mad about the Russian Ballet, too. I saw Mordkin one night, a faunlike creature with a perfect body and a boyish shock of curls. I was taken backstage to meet him after the performance. I waited around until finally a chunky short man with a bald head came over to me smiling, 'Mr. Barrymore?' he asked. I admitted as much. I wondered what this squat little fellow wanted. 'Yes?' I asked. He grinned. He beamed. He bowed, clicking his heels. 'I am Mordkin,' he said. I was amazed. But it bears out my theory about men getting away with it longer than women. A great woman actress soon finds herself playing the *Nurse to Juliet*."

He pursued the subject from a fresh angle. "You know how common it is for a person to say, 'I don't see what she sees in him. Male appeal is a sort of mysterious compound. In woman it is usually obvious what man sees. But by the same token, woman's appeal is more perishable, man's more durable.'"

He looked at Elaine with a Mephistophelian grin. "Am I not right, my little cabbage?"

She crossed her shapely legs and lighted a cigarette. "Now, dear," she admonished gently.

While he was answering a phone call Elaine confessed that she had trouble with the greatest *Hamlet* of his time only on one score. He won't buy clothes, and when his wife buys them for him, he refuses to wear the new regalia. He's an old-suit lover, his hats look like Anthony Eden's after a hard night in the park, and his trousers rarely match his coat.

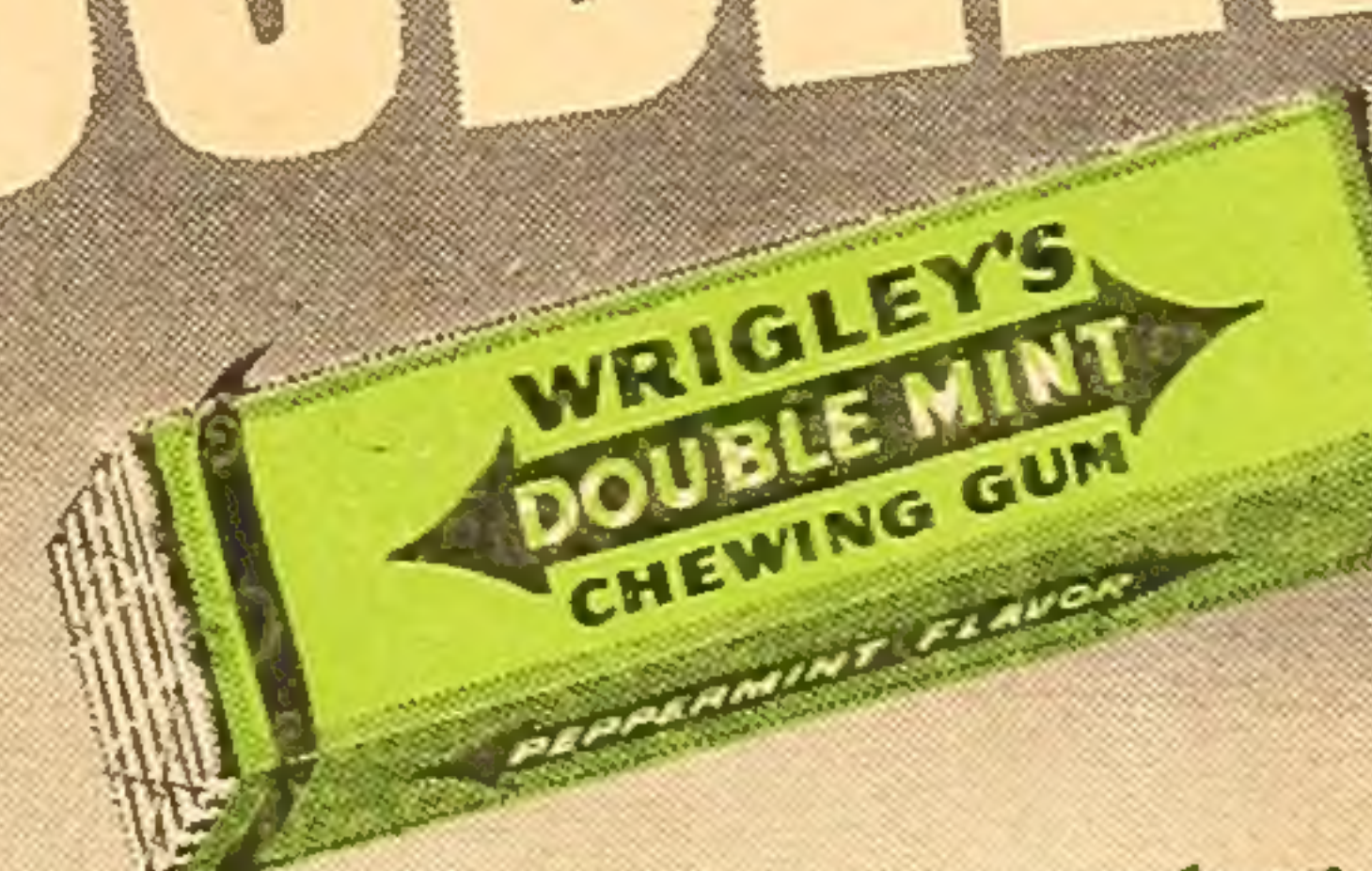
"He throws his things on the floor when he undresses," said Elaine sadly. "It's hard to train him. But he is such a brilliant, exciting person that I mustn't register anything even resembling a complaint. He's amazing!"

Is Barrymore man or myth? The answer is, a combination of both. He revels in the burly of premières, rehearsals, admiring throngs, and the magic of the Barrymore name. "It's the ham in me," he will say, raising that famous eyebrow mockingly.



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A Day with Donat

Continued from page 54

but now the veteran discoverer of Mickey Rooney and Terry Kilburn is known as "Uncle Sam" and, with characteristic kindness, he pays for their tea every afternoon. But the star drinks the most tea on the set! Immediately this first shot of the day is over he comes back to his chair where Forsyth is waiting with a tea tray. (Six "tea-times" in a single day's work is quite usual for Bob, who never drinks anything stronger and doesn't smoke!) He waves a hand to the slim girl with flaming Florentine-red curls piled high on her little head.

"How's my charming wife this morning?" he calls, for it's Greer Garson of the provocative nose and smiling green eyes who plays *Mrs. Chipping*. She comes over and between the shots they talk about Hollywood. Greer calls it "sixty suburbs in search of a city."

Nobody interrupts Bob's off-set conversations. His expressive eyes will warm with friendliness to the folks he knows but he is still exceedingly reserved and reticent with strangers. "Donat the Dreamer" they call him in the studio. He wraps his private life in strict seclusion and no reporter has ever been inside the lovely old-fashioned country house where he lives with Ella and their three children, John and Joanna and baby Brian. So now Bob doesn't discuss London's social highlights for he doesn't know them—the executives have to bring tremendous persuasion to bear before he will even attend the gala premiere of one of his own pictures. Bob is happiest sitting in the deep brocaded armchair beside his own red brick fireplace, his eyes closed as he listens to Ella playing Chopin or his favorite Scarlatti on the piano. She was studying music professionally when she first met Bob and that was the bond which fastened them together so securely.

Bob talks enthusiastically and knowledgeably about operas and orchestras and classic composers himself, describing his latest phonograph records of which he owns thousands. He has just had special wall cupboards built to hold them all round his long cream-panelled music-room. He buys them to celebrate the start of a new film and again to commemorate its end, with the result that he often refers to "my six Citadel Metropolitan Operas" or "the Ghost Goes West negro spirituals."

Loving all the fine artistic things of life, painting and poetry rank high in Bob's interests too. His idea of a party is to share his Sunday evening with half a dozen congenial friends, reading good verse and prose aloud, singing and playing and reciting Shakespeare. Occasionally they will all read a famous play, maybe something by Eugene O'Neill or Bernard Shaw or James Bridie. The children sit on their stools and listen. They have their nursery, but share the whole house with their parents. They eat round the oak table in the dining-room and play railroad all over the beige carpet in the sunny lounge with its antique rosewood and its flower-printed chintzes. There is only one place they are forbidden, the tiny padded attic where Bob learns and rehearses all his parts alone.

Seven-year-old Joanna is Bob's constant companion at home—none of the children have ever been inside a studio and Ella never enters one either for Bob says he prefers to keep his home life as a precious thing entirely apart. Joanna has her beloved Daddy's chestnut curls and mobile face.

Bob tells how delighted she is with the new pony he has just given her and all the time his attractive voice is still that of the old man he is made up to represent. As

Sam Wood declares the lunch interval, Bob walks gently along the corridors to the green and cream restaurant and he even eats with the slow care appropriate to his screen age. People greet him admiringly as they come in and out. He smiles at tall Conrad Veidt and pretty Valerie Hobson, working in another section of the studio, and at mischievous Sabu who has a deep salaam for his "Meester Donoot." Bob may not be easily accessible to the world but his quiet and ever courteous charm are always appreciated by his fellow players.

Back to Brookfield School again to lead his pupils into chapel where the stained glass angels peer dimly down and then to shoot a dramatic scene beside the venerable sundial arguing with the bearded *Headmaster*. Some fresh dialogue is introduced and Producer Victor Saville brings the script across to Bob to learn. Bob looks at it for a few minutes in silence and then he goes before the cameras again word perfect. The years he passed as a small-part boy actor in cheap stock theatres have made him easily the quickest study at Denham.

When work stops for a quarter of an hour for official tea-time, Bob chats about the tricks he used to improve his originally bad memory as a youngster. He was born in a North of England industrial town and he had to take the street-car to and from school, so during the twenty minutes' journey he made a point of learning all the names of the shops and garages and similar places he passed. At home he would wander round the kitchen memorizing the name of everything he saw, a habit which worried his beautiful Italian mother Rosa Donatelli so much she took him to the doctor's office!

But Bob cannot talk all the time he isn't acting. His elaborate make-up needs constant attention, particularly his hands which are carefully smeared with plain honest dirt on the backs because that looks exactly like aged wrinkles under the lights. He must sign photographs too and read and answer his mail. The hundreds of fan-letters that reach him every morning now come from all over the world. Bob's dreamy poetical nature makes it hard for him to understand why people should be so intensely interested in him but he is too pleased by it and too instinctively polite not to regard his correspondence as a duty.

Six o'clock comes and the lamps begin to go out. It takes Forsyth another hour to remove the star's make-up and change the old-style clothes for Bob's own grey tweed suit and camelhair coat. Sam Wood and Victor Saville are looking over the day's rushes but Bob does not join them in the projection room. "I'm not competent to judge the finished film," he explains. "I'm only an actor and I accept the producer's opinions as to the quality of my work."

So Bob drives his little car out into the chilly night, towards the wooded Chilterns in the distant west. Presently he leaves the road and bumps his way along a narrow lane winding between high banks until he finally reaches his own homestead on the summit of the hills. The rambling gabled house is ringed by fir trees, shut away from all the outside world. Beyond the garden with its loggia and its shaded lawns, the peaceful agricultural valley lies far below in the silver winter moonlight. Ella is waiting in the old red-tiled hall to kiss her husband and take him to the nursery to say "Good night" to the children before they go to bed. Then at last Bob is free to relax in his armchair beside the crackling wood fire and eat the scrambled eggs and sandwiches which Ella brings him on a tray. Bob drinks his final pot of tea with her and when they have talked together a little while, she gets up and softly plays Chopin to him because she knows that will soothe away all the strain and stress of the long day as nothing else in the world can do.

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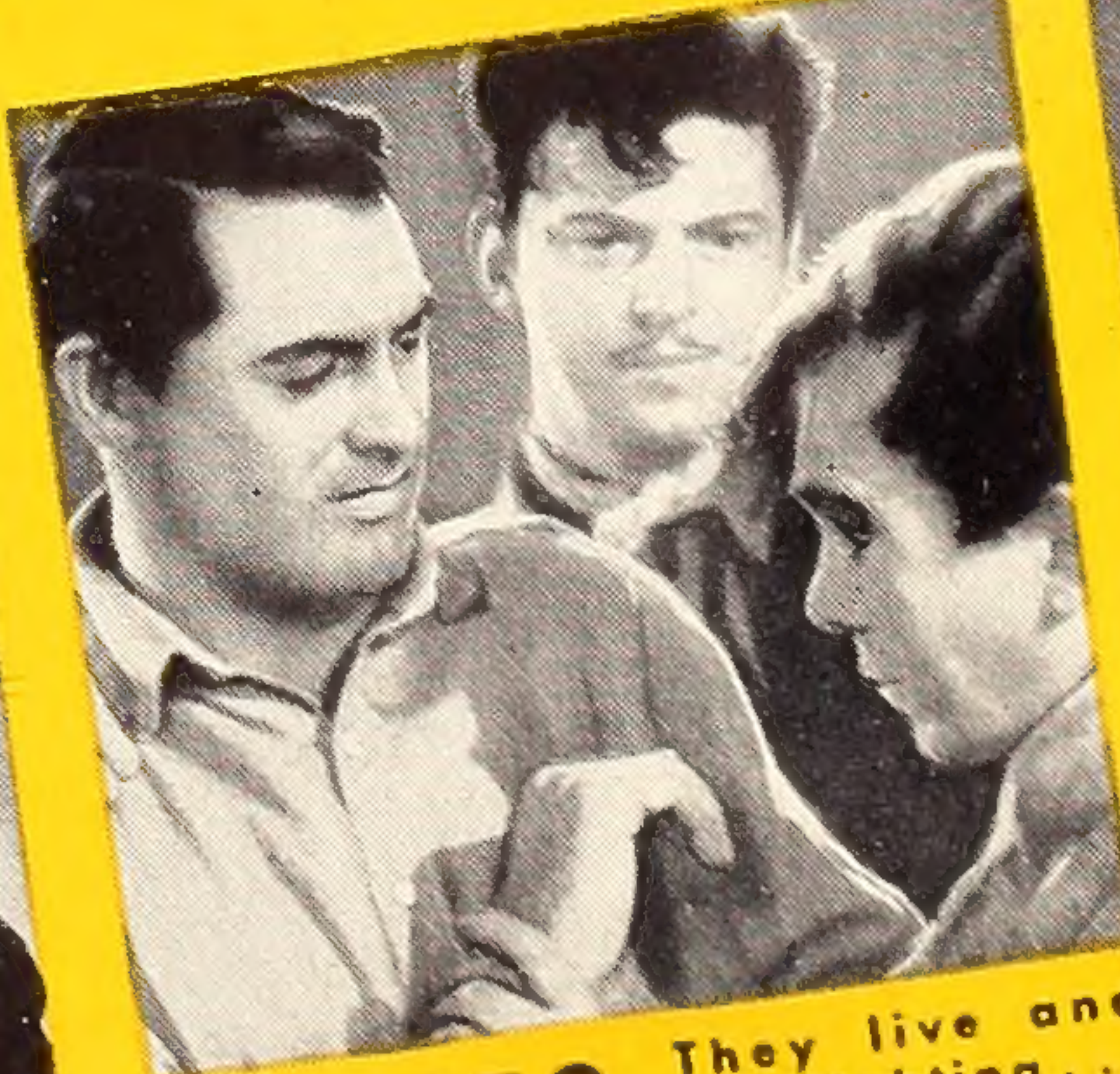
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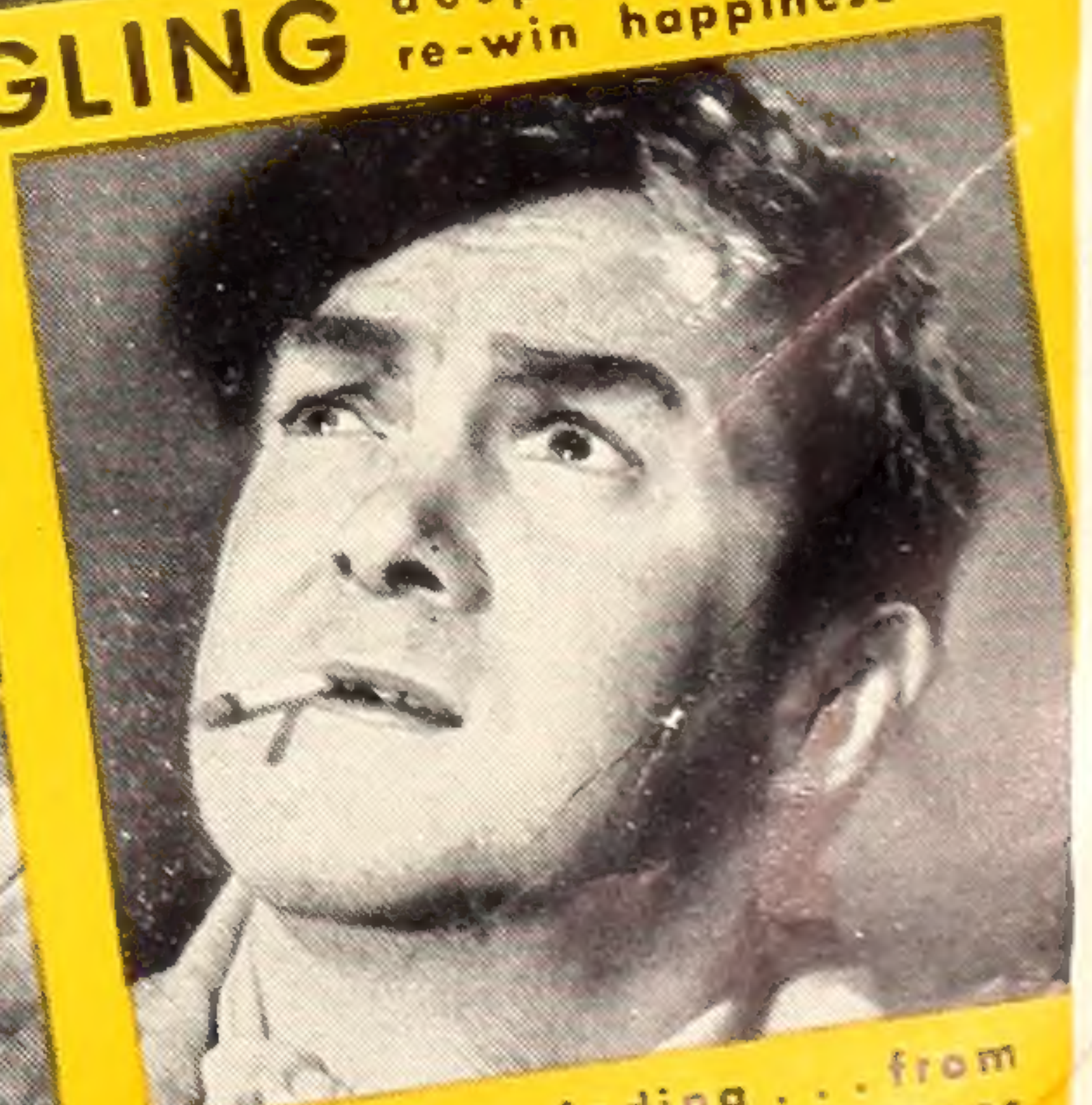


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